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A branch of the Randolph-Macon System. Liberal  
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Known for Character Building—Excels in  
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Complete equipment—four modern buildings—with gym-  
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Members of *fraternity five and out with boys*. Delightful  
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rooms, separated by a parapet **FIRE Wall**,  
are the **BEST for Health, Sanitation, Venti-**  
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**FOR BOYS (EPISCOPAL)**  
A COUNTRY SCHOOL occupying its beautiful  
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Offers exceptional advantages in preparing boys for colleges  
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We not only thoroughly prepare boys for College, Tech-  
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Every effort is made to develop self-reliance, quick percep-  
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Makes knowledge and education a part of the boy in-  
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problems than are found in books. 82 successful years  
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healthful, in one of New England's most beautiful residential  
villages. *Instructors able, experienced, mature.* Thorough  
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tutelage. Large, airy gymnasium with swimming pool.  
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Offers about 18 boys to colleges each year. Modern dormitories,  
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Collier's Weekly stands for high ideals. The  
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ideals in character building and mental and physi-  
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**BLAIR ACADEMY**  
Blairtown, New Jersey.  
40th year. Prepares for any American College. Campus  
40 acres. Thorough equipment; liberal endowment  
enables low rate of \$350. Opens September 14th.  
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**Weekly letter to readers  
on advertising No. 30**

**I**F a mother or father sends a boy or a  
girl to a certain school because of an  
advertisement, and if the boy or the girl  
comes home in the spring with knowledge  
or manners or friends that wouldn't have  
been picked up at a thoroughly good school  
—there isn't much humor in the situation.

And it is all primarily the fault of the  
paper or magazine which admitted the  
advertisement of that school to its pages.

Collier's sacrificed \$200,000 last year in re-  
fusing unacceptable advertisements. That  
is a big sacrifice, but it is the root of the  
absolute confidence which Collier's read-  
ers know they can feel in every single  
thing which Collier's allows to be repre-  
sented in its advertising columns.

Every advertisement that appears in  
Collier's undergoes a rigorous censorship.

So we take pride in recommending to  
parents a thoughtful consideration of the  
school advertising in this issue.

*E. L. Patterson.*  
Manager Advertising Department

**SPECIAL SPECIAL**

**New England  
CONSERVATORY  
OF MUSIC**

Founded 1853  
BOSTON, MASS.  
GEORGE W. CHADWICK, Director  
Year opens  
Sept. 21st, 1911

**The Largest and Best Equipped School of Music**

Located in the musical center of America. It affords pupils the environment and atmosphere so  
necessary to a musical education. Its complete organization, its imposing Conservatory building,  
splendid equipment, and the Residence Building, offer exceptional facilities for students.

Every department under special masters. The reciprocal relations established with Harvard  
University afford pupils special advantages for literary study.

Owing to the practical training of students in our Normal Department, graduates are much in  
demand as teachers.

The Free Privileges of lectures, concerts and recitals, the opportunities of ensemble practice and  
appearing before audiences, and the daily associations are invaluable advantages to the music student.  
A number of free Violin scholarships are available for 1911.

For particulars and year book, address  
**RALPH L. FLANDERS, Manager**

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MISS. CLARA BAUR, Directress



Instructs, trains and educates after the best methods of  
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**ELOCUTION MUSIC LANGUAGES**

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Catalogue upon request.  
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Engineering  
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Courses in Civil Engineering (C. E.), Mechanical  
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Unsurpassed new Chemical, Physical, Electrical,  
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For catalogue and illustrated pamphlets showing  
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An engineering institute of the  
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and delightful. Advanced courses  
in Mechanical, Electrical, Textile  
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Laboratories. New Hospital, new Engineering Shop Building,  
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The demand for the School's graduates is much greater than the supply.  
Dormitories. Cost reasonable. For illustrated catalog, address  
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**A SCHOOL WITH INDIVIDUALITY**  
The Long Island (Episcopal) School for Boys

**Location**—Beautiful and healthful Garden City,  
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**Equipment**—Fire-proof buildings; gymnasium; swim-  
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**Instruction**—Both class and individual instruction  
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**Also a lower school for younger boys**  
Buildings now open. Catalog on request.  
**Walter R. Marsh, Headmaster, Box 10, Garden City, L. I.**

**IN choosing a school for your boy you place  
character and scholarship foremost in your  
requirements. So do we in selecting boys for**

**The Peddie Institute**

**OUR AIM IS: "The Best Boys' School in America"**

¶ We have an endowed school with an enviable  
record in fitting boys for college and for life; a strong  
faculty of successful experience here; splendid en-  
thusiasm among our 250 boys.

¶ Location nine miles from Princeton; region unsur-  
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¶ We prepare for all colleges, law, medical and en-  
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Forty-sixth year opens Sept. 26, 1911. Catalogue and  
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**Has prepared over 1000 Boys  
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"One of the best preparatory institutions in  
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—President Schurman.

Large faculty; thorough instruction. Health con-  
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and outdoor sports. Gymna-  
sium; navy outfit of shells,  
coaching launch, etc.

Terms \$600 to \$700  
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**Belmont School**  
(FOR BOYS)  
**BELMONT, CAL.**  
(Twenty-five Miles South of San Francisco)


The school is trying to do for the moral and physical,  
not less than for the intellectual, welfare of each boy what  
a thoughtful parent most wishes to have done. Contrib-  
uting to this end are the location of the school, removed  
from the temptations and distractions of town or city; the  
fineness of the climate, the excellence of its buildings and  
other equipment, and the beauty and extent of its grounds,  
with the wide range of foothills surrounding them. We are  
glad to have our patrons and graduates consulted. For  
catalogue, booklet and further specific information address  
the head master,  
**W. T. REID, A. M. (Harvard)**  
Fall term begins Aug. 14th.

**Washington & Jefferson  
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**FOR BOYS—124th YEAR**

Time-honored training school for boys  
of sterling character, preparing for all  
colleges, universities and technical  
schools. Classes of ten. Expert teach-  
ers. New, fireproof, homelike dormi-  
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with few equals. For catalogue, write to  
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Founded 1857. Lake Forest, Ill.  
We train boys to meet the re-  
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some, natural home life. Each  
hour finely filled.

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Prepares for all colleges and scientific schools. In the  
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Chicago. 1000 feet above sea level. Boys  
7 to 16 years. Careful training.  
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Twelfth year opens Sept. 27, 1911.







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ritory through the Southern, Central and Western States.  
Only men capable of giving bond will be considered.  
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Liberal, new form, low cost policy issued to men or women,  
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Annual cost \$10. \$3000 Accidental Death, \$15 weekly for  
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**REAL ESTATE COMPANY WANTS REPRESENT-**  
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**HANDSOME MONTHLY INCOME FOR 35**  
months in yours through our system of selling Apple Orchard  
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Orchard Bonds secured by land provide absolute security.  
Contracts certified and registered by strongest Trust Com-  
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Aquaduct Land and Orchards Co., Bishop, Calif.

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**8 SHIRTS TO MEASURE \$5.00. EXPRESS PRE-**  
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everybody," and thereby I collect over \$200,000 yearly from  
honest debt all over the world. Write for my Red Streak  
Book, free. Francis G. Luke, 77 Conn. Nat. Bank Bldg.,  
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Modern Specialties Mfg. Co., Milwaukee, Wis. (Patented).

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proposition; pocket samples; prompt commissions; con-  
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Something for every man's wants. Orders \$1.00 to  
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**MY-HOW THEY FALL FOR OUR "LUCKY**  
seven" toilet combination (\$3.20 value); you sell for \$1.00;  
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make brush for every household use. Order direct, Partic-  
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to take orders for made to measure clothes. No money  
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build up a permanent business and make a splendid salary  
each day. We pay express, ship subject to examination  
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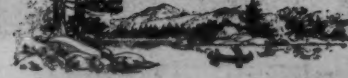
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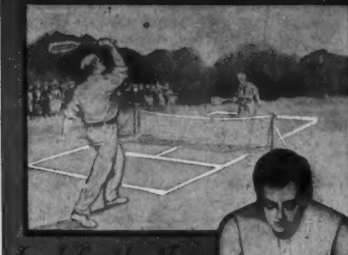


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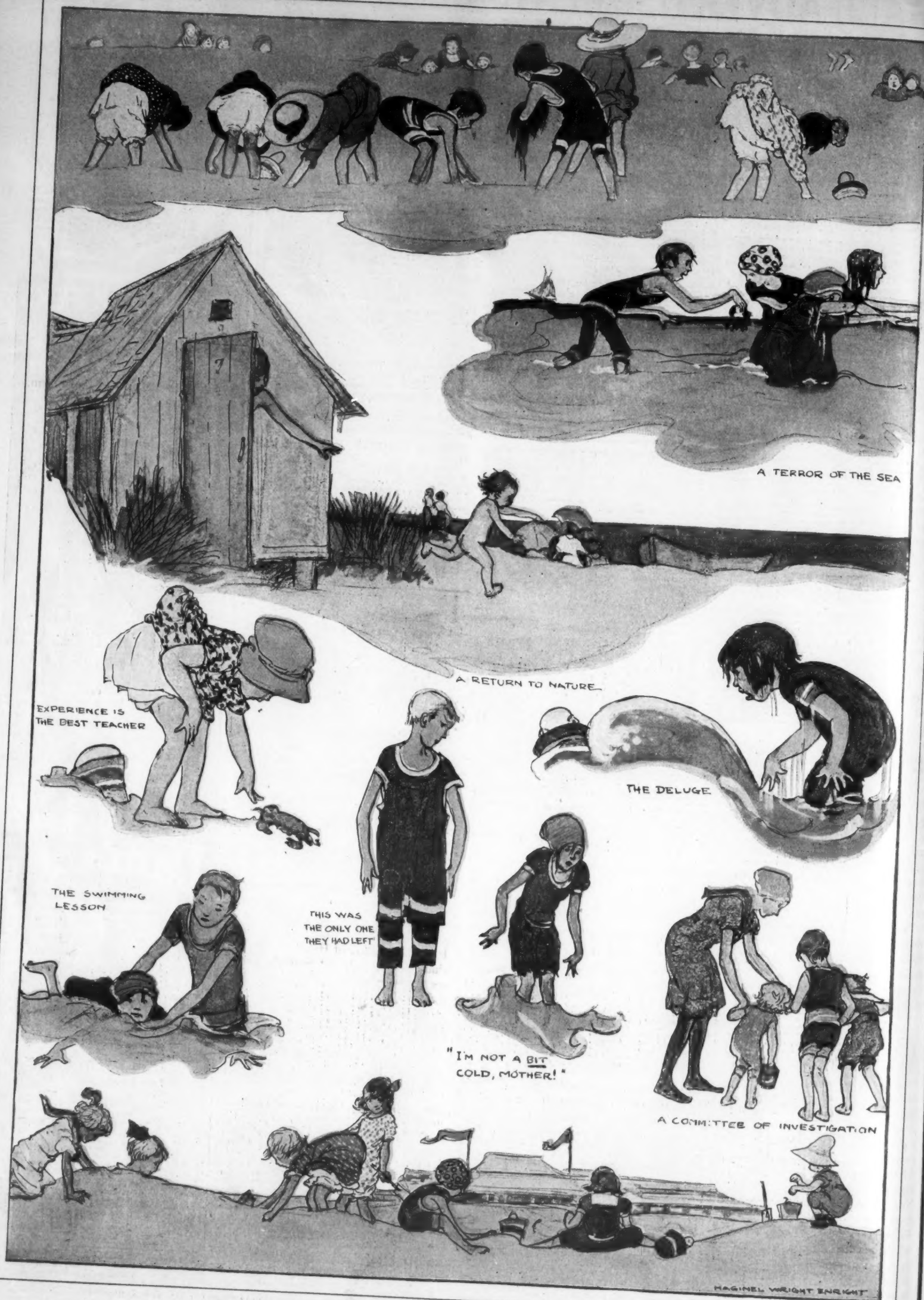
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# Collier's

## The National Weekly



P. F. COLLIER & SON, Publishers  
Robert J. Collier, 416-430 West Thirteenth Street  
NEW YORK

Vol. xlvii, No. 20

August 5, 1911

### The Insurgents

**A**MONG POLITICAL QUESTIONS one of the most interesting is the future of the Insurgents. They have a definite place; no newspaper now thinks of tabulating a vote in the Senate without listing three groups: Democrats, Republicans, Insurgents. Is all of the Insurgents' history in the past? If it were, it would be glorious enough. No person, however well informed, can think to-day of the name of any Democrat or group of Democrats who made an effective fight against the Payne-Aldrich Tariff Bill; every one can remember the fight that DOLLIVER, CUMMINS, and LA FOLLETTE made. The service the Insurgents rendered in bringing about revolutionary changes in the Lower House—changes now proved practicable and good—must forever be admitted by the historians of the future. That most of the Insurgents went under a cloud because of their opposition to reciprocity is undeniable. (It should be recorded, by the way, that three Insurgent Senators, POINDEXTER of Washington, WORKS of California, and BROWN of Nebraska, voted in favor of reciprocity; and that in the Lower House, the best of the group, including the two Kansans, MURDOCK and MADISON, were on the same side.) Another test awaits the Insurgents. Within a few months the tariff fight, in which they first won their fame, will be up again; the Democrats will introduce a bill based on the idea of a tariff for revenue only; the Standpat Republicans will stick to high protection and argue that the Payne-Aldrich Act is perfect. What will the Insurgents do? In the Senate they will have the balance of power. When the Democrats are fully in power, ready to revise the tariff downward further than the Insurgents ever proposed, will there be any ground left for the Insurgents to stand on? We think they are too powerful a group ever to be permanently eclipsed. Fifty years from now what statesman will be remembered in the way that CLAY and CALHOUN stand out from the figures who were their contemporaries? Omitting ROOSEVELT because he has the advantage of having been President, is there any doubt that LA FOLLETTE will be remembered as the most conspicuous Senator of his time?

### The Democratic Leader

**O**FFICIALLY, THE DEMOCRATIC LEADER of the Senate is THOMAS S. MARTIN of Virginia; actually, JOHN SHARP WILLIAMS of Mississippi is the Senator who dominates his party. He does it by virtue of scholarship, alertness, pugnacity, and the very important quality of excellence in rough-and-tumble debate. BAILEY of Texas dreamed that he would be leader; the realization that his fellow Democrats distrust his motives and affiliations is what caused his sudden resignation last March, a hasty act which he was persuaded to undo, not by Democrats, but by the exertions of such Standpat Republicans as Vice-President SHERMAN. In four months of debate, Senator WILLIAMS has made BAILEY's pretensions absurd. In the reciprocity vote, thirty-one Democrats followed WILLIAMS; those who followed BAILEY were exactly two. The country is in debt to Mississippi for JOHN SHARP WILLIAMS.

### One Detail of the Reciprocity Fight

**B**EFORE THE RECIPROCITY FIGHT passes completely into history, its victorious friends, in order to keep the record straight, ought to make one admission. Senator BAILEY, Senator LA FOLLETTE, and others who opposed the treaty charged repeatedly that the almost universal attitude of the newspapers was due to a selfish motive, the desire for free print paper. This is not accurate; but what is wholly true is this: The American Newspaper Publishers' Association, as an organization, advocated reciprocity in exactly the same manner and with the same methods that the cotton manufacturers and the woolen men used in advocating the Payne-Aldrich tariff. Indeed, the American Newspaper Publishers' Association practised deceit and bulldozing to a degree more odious than any other special interest that has appeared at Washington during recent tariff legislation. They had a paid official who, whatever his title, was in effect a lobbyist whose activities were extremely offensive. But we doubt whether this had any influence on the men throughout the country who actually write the newspapers; the thing that the newspaper writers reflected was a practically universal public opinion, a public opinion which never took the trouble to understand the treaty very clearly, and was too impatient to listen to the

defects pointed out by Senator CUMMINS and Senator LA FOLLETTE. The people are heartily tired of high protection; the Republican tariff has become intolerably hateful to them; in reciprocity they saw one supreme virtue—it was a first break in the protection wall—and for that merit they insisted it should pass promptly and were exasperated by those who counseled delay or amendment.

### Who Pays the Bills?

**T**HE WESTERN NEWSPAPER UNION is offering to a list of papers throughout the West page plates containing the speech of Senator SUTHERLAND of Utah against the Initiative and Referendum. Many newspapers which are not careful or scrupulous will accept this gift, because it means the saving of a very considerable amount of money—the cost of setting up a page of type. Equally, the broadcast distribution of these plates must cost many thousands of dollars. Who is paying the bill? It is perfectly proper that Senator SUTHERLAND's speech should be widely circulated and read, but when the work of getting it into the newspapers is done by stealth and at great expense it is proper to inquire who is sufficiently interested to pay the bill. Senator BOURNE is getting his views in favor of the Initiative and Referendum widely circulated, but there is no secrecy about the method by which it is being done.

### The Present South

**I**N ONE MAIL the other day there came to this paper two significant messages. The first was a quotation from an editorial in the New Orleans "Item":

The negro is with us, without his consent or ours, by force of circumstances lying far behind us. As an ignorant, untrained, undisciplined, brutal element of our population, he has not been a success. Schooling, discipline, and encouragement in good tendencies may improve his condition and ours.

The other was a letter from the secretary of the Board of Trade of Little Rock, Arkansas, GEORGE R. BROWN, an eager worker for the material and spiritual growth of his community and of the South generally:

Say something when you have a chance about the acquirement of real estate by the negroes. The negroes on the farm are improving steadily. Yesterday we had a call here from DAVE NELSON, sixty-eight years old, who owns eighty acres of bottom land—cotton land—sixteen miles from Little Rock. He is worth about ten thousand dollars, and is a fine farmer; but the point I want to bring out is that this year he is bringing in his first year's crop of Elberta peaches in addition to cotton, and these peaches will average four bushels to the tree. NELSON is as black as the ace of spades, but is a good farmer and a good citizen.

These paragraphs should be enlightening to the few remaining reconstruction Northerners who think that the only way the negro can get kindness and justice and encouragement from his white neighbors is through Northern interference. As a matter of fact, the happiest period of the Southern negro's existence is the present, and it dates from the time when the North, upon the advice of such leaders of thought as ex-President ELIOT of Harvard, determined to stop meddling, and concluded that the negro is the South's problem, to be solved in the South's own way. Few incidents in the recent transactions of Congress have been more ominously discouraging than the tendency to wave the bloody shirt displayed by such a Senator as BRISTOW of Kansas. When HEYBURN of Idaho does it nobody pays much attention.

### A New Plan for Army Promotions

**T**HE "ARMY AND NAVY REGISTER," in reiterating the necessity of reorganizing our army, suggests that the army itself is to blame for many of the defects in our military legislation. The question of national defense has often been obscured by the never-ending effort to equalize promotions. If an attempt is made to secure a necessary increase of one of the arms, the other arms oppose it or demand unnecessary increase for themselves. The "Army and Navy Register" makes therefore the interesting suggestion that, for purposes of promotion, all officers be placed on a single list in the order of their original entry into the service as commissioned officers. When a vacancy occurs in any one arm of the service in a grade above that of second lieutenant, it would be filled by the promotion of the senior officer in the next lower grade without reference to the arm in which that officer might be serving. The main advantage of this plan would be that the order of promotion would be unaffected by changes in organization. The senior, by length of service, would always retain his seniority. The obvious



objection is that some officers would have to go from one arm of the service to another—a cavalry captain, for example, could not readily perform the practical duties of a captain of field artillery. To this objection it is answered that in most such cases officers could be detailed as regimental quartermasters, on recruiting service or in duties which would not require undertaking anything impracticably new and unfamiliar. Even granting that a certain number of officers could not be so taken care of, it is urged that bringing the three arms together, and removing the cause of foolish rivalry, would prepare the way for a real mobile army and bring advantages that would far outweigh all disadvantages. Some of the most brilliant officers of our army have won distinction in a new arm after service in another. In foreign armies, where large masses of troops habitually maneuver together, all officers learn something of the relation of the three arms from ordinary observation and experience. With us, where troops are scattered in small units and combined operations are almost impracticable, such intelligent visiting between the three branches of the service would, so the writer in the "Army and Navy Register" thinks, serve a very useful tactical purpose.

#### Sensitive

UNTIL ITS BOARD OF MANAGERS requested his resignation several weeks ago, Mr. JEFFERSON SELIGMAN was one of the most active enthusiasts in that faction of the New York Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals which endeavors to forward the antivivisection cause. To persons who discussed the theme of animal experimentation with him Mr. SELIGMAN stoutly insisted that not only was he totally unable to bear the thought of surgeons at work upon animals in their laboratories, but he was also filled with dread at the spectacle of flies coming to their death upon sticky fly-paper. The mice he catches in his residence, he said, he always turns loose upon the lawn from death-proof traps. In the matter of his proposed campaign against the use of "cruel and inhuman sticky fly-paper" the S. P. C. A. refused to follow Mr. SELIGMAN. It is a pity that for the sake of its own prestige and good name the society is not equally reluctant to join those who meddle against vivisection.

#### Limiting the "Blue Sky" Artists

WHEN THE DAPPER SALESMAN of the Guaranteed Gold Bond Suspender Button Company or the Bankers' Diamond Peanut Shucking Corporation approaches a rich Kansas farmer these days and offers him at fifty cents on the dollar treasury stock warranted to pay twenty per cent semiannually, he meets the inquiry: "Where's your license?" Kansas has in its Bank Commissioner, J. N. DOLLEY, an officer whose idea of his duties extends beyond compiling voluminous biennial reports. He framed a bill, which the recent Legislature made a statute, known as the "blue sky" law, compelling every vender of shares of stock to get a permit from the State Banking Department, and to make a showing of the character of his investment. "Since the law went into effect a few weeks ago over three hundred applications have been made to sell stock," says the Commissioner, "and I have approved eighteen. The others had only 'blue sky' to sell. The people of the State have been fleeced out of five or six million dollars a year by fake investment schemes, all promising high dividends, but proving worthless. I propose to stop some of it." Add to this statute a more severe censorship over advertising, and men and women with a little money, but no experience in handling it might have a chance to save something for old age. When a pedler of stock talks to you, ask him how much he keeps out of every dollar he takes from you and how much goes into the "business."

#### Women and Divorce

A WESTERN WOMAN, writing us about some recent remarks on Reno and divorce, objects that too much stress is laid on woman's part in this disturbing industry, and asks if more should not be said about men who desert their wives. As it happens, an article discussing the runaway husband and measures taken to discipline him will presently appear in COLLIER'S. Most of the "colonists" at such a place as Reno are women, naturally, because of the two parties to a domestic disagreement it is generally the woman who can most easily go away. Their number does not necessarily imply that they are more to blame than their husbands, nor do the number of divorces to-day necessarily imply a decadence of our general morality. In 1870 for every 100,000 persons in the United States there were 29 divorces a year. Then until 1905 the yearly average for each five-year period was 32, 38, 44, 53, 73, and 82. In 1870 for every 1,000 marriages there were 29 divorces. In 1905 there were 85. That is to say, one marriage out of every twelve now ends in divorce. If divorce were an unmixed evil, these figures could suggest but one conclusion—some radical weakness in American life and a dangerous tendency toward the breakdown of the family. It is extremely doubtful, to say the least, that either conclusion is justified. To a great extent increased divorce is the result of the same social and economic changes which have so shifted the position of women as semi-dependent appendages of their husbands and the home as an economic unit. Conditions which the overworked but at least mentally occupied wife, in the old-fashioned home of our forefathers, might have endured become to-day, in the comparative idleness which has come with machinery, intolerable. Moreover, women are more independent economically, socially, and mentally. The husband's right to command is

slight. In common with the rest of the world women are more awake to injustice. The moral quality of marriages need not, therefore, have decreased in order to make possible the increase of divorce. The moral quality of the marriages may have remained the same while moral perceptions have been clarified. Strikes, graft exposures, and so on do not mean that politics and industry are worse than they used to be, but that people see more clearly and demand something better.

#### A Song to Order

MISSOURI'S MADE-TO-ORDER STATE SONG has fallen far short of expectations. Among the editors there are "none to praise and very few to love." Though Governor HADLEY's well-advertised prize of \$1,000 for words and music attracted 1,013 contestants, inspiration failed to enter. The committee awarded \$500 to Mrs. LIZZIE CHAMBERS HULL of St. Louis for the words of her entry, but rejected the accompanying music. Another \$500 is offered for notes to go with the verses. Meantime the literati of the State keep sputtering with indignation. They say that "My Maryland," the best of State songs, cost a publisher only \$25. But that was fifty odd years ago. Even "Dixie"—words and music complete—was good for only \$500, and in 1904, just before his death, the composer was making a living in a small town in Ohio by chopping wood and raising corn and chickens. In modern times a successful popular song is worth about \$10,000. Even judged by that inflated standard, Governor HADLEY hardly got his money's worth:

I	II
Missouri fair, we bring to thee Hearts full of love and loyalty; Thou central star, thou brightest gem Of all the brilliant diadem— Missouri.	She came, a compromise, for peace; Her prayer is still that strife may cease; She mourned her blue, wept o'er her gray, When, side by side, in death they lay— Missouri.
CHORUS	III
Then lift your voice and join the throng That swells her praise in joyful song, Till earth and sky reverberate— Our own, our dear, our grand old State— Missouri.	Nor North, nor South, nor East, nor West, But part of each—of each the best. Come, homeless one, come to her call; Her arms are stretched to shelter all— Missouri.

#### The Umpire's Day

A CERTAIN OLD ADAGE must feel rather proud of itself this summer, now that even the umpire has his day. To Tacoma the credit! On July 9 the fans of that city celebrated Umpire's Day—the first official annual. Dozens of fans sent flowers; and the "forensic effort" of the presentation speech: "My friends, I delight to introduce our honored guest the ump—" literally was drowned in cheers. Inteligent readers scarcely need be advised what etiquette would be proper for such an event. An incident of the play typifies the spirit of the occasion better than columns of interpreting description and comment. One:

COLEMAN was called out on an air-tight decision at third base, but, as it was Umpire's Day, no one murmured or repined. Fans, who would have led a mob bent on tearing the umpire to shreds, cheered as though it were the hated opposition being imposed upon.

No comment on decisions was heard unless in such form as: "Why, certainly he is out if you say so," or: "That was a most satisfactory decision, Mr. BAUMGARTEN," or: "Don't let the ball strike you; we don't want to lose you." At the end of what is advertised as the Most Royal Treatment of an Umpire in the History of Baseball, the umpire stood at the gate and distributed roses to the women. . . . Indeed, yes!—virtue had its reward. With the bases full in the sixth, Mr. BILL FISHER clouted the ball to a corner of the grounds where outfielders weren't stationed, scored two men, and the home team won 5-4. Generously, with a true gentleman's feeling for the proprieties, Mr. FISHER shunted the applause off onto the honored guest, Mr. BAUMGARTEN.

#### The Swatter

FLY HUNTING is without its literature, yet it is almost the only form of hunting that keeps the hunter amused in his own home. It is always available; the game is plentiful, and it is one of the few sports in which it is a virtue to be a game hog. Since the amount of strength required is small, the game is open to young and old and to members of both sexes. Poise is the matter of most importance, and any one who is proficient enough with a swatter to strike down a fly on a swinging window cord or tip one off the shade of the gas-light without shattering the mantle need feel no hesitation about going in for billiards. For success in wing-shot swatting an extraordinary sharpness of the eye is essential, for wing-shots only stun the game, and unless the hunter's sight can follow it to the floor to strike a second time with wonderful quickness the score is lost. Flies raised in a fly hunter's rooms become as wary as wise old crows, and when a house has been hunted for a few days a considerable amount of nature study enters into the sport. At the same time the eye must be trained to detect shams or much time may be wasted creeping up to swat a small rip in the cloth of the window seat. Don't swat flies near sharp edges of tables or chairs where a blow will bend the wires. Scare your prey into the open, follow its flight and bring it to earth in some more advantageous hunting grounds. And always remember, an animal clever enough to walk upside down on a ceiling is not to be despised for hunting purposes just because it doesn't weigh as much as a duck.



# WHAT THE WORLD IS DOING

## A PICTORIAL RECORD OF CURRENT EVENTS

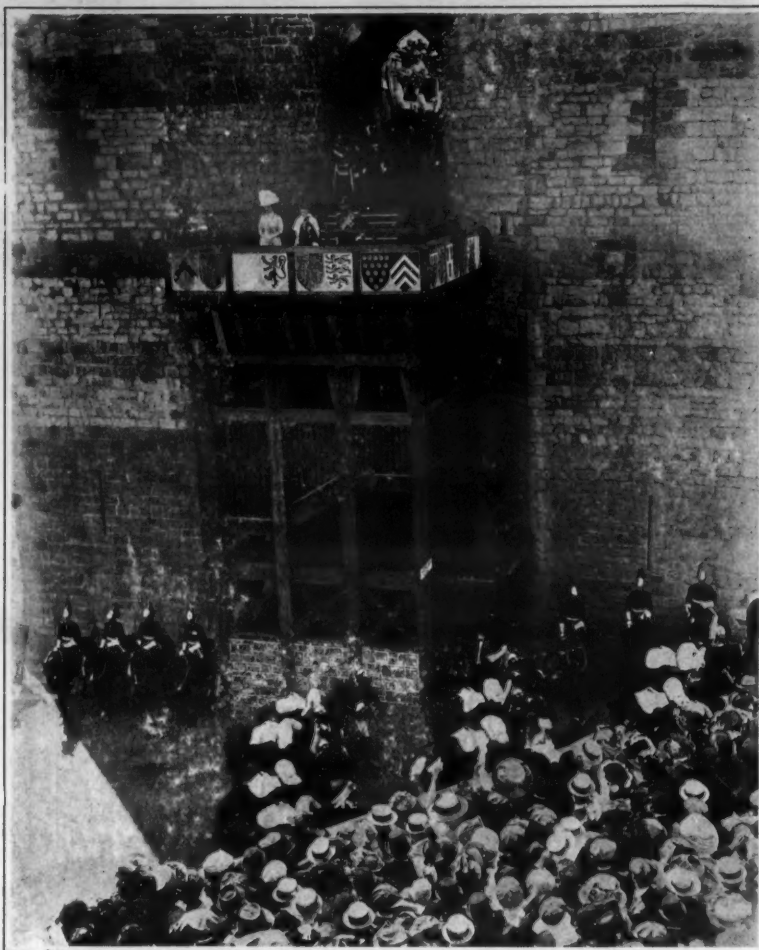


Civil War Veterans of the North and the South Shake Hands on the Field of Bull Run, Where They Fought Fifty Years Ago

This dramatic incident marked the close of the Manassas jubilee reunion which was held July 17-22 at Manassas, Virginia. Three hundred and fifty ex-Confederate soldiers formed in double line facing north, and opposite them, a dozen yards away, stood two hundred Union veterans. At a signal both lines advanced with outstretched hands, and, after meeting, stood for some time recalling the incidents of the first important battle of the Civil War. Later the veterans were addressed by the President, who announced that arbitration treaties would be signed with England and France within ten days, and that he expected to announce shortly that three other nations had entered into the international agreement.



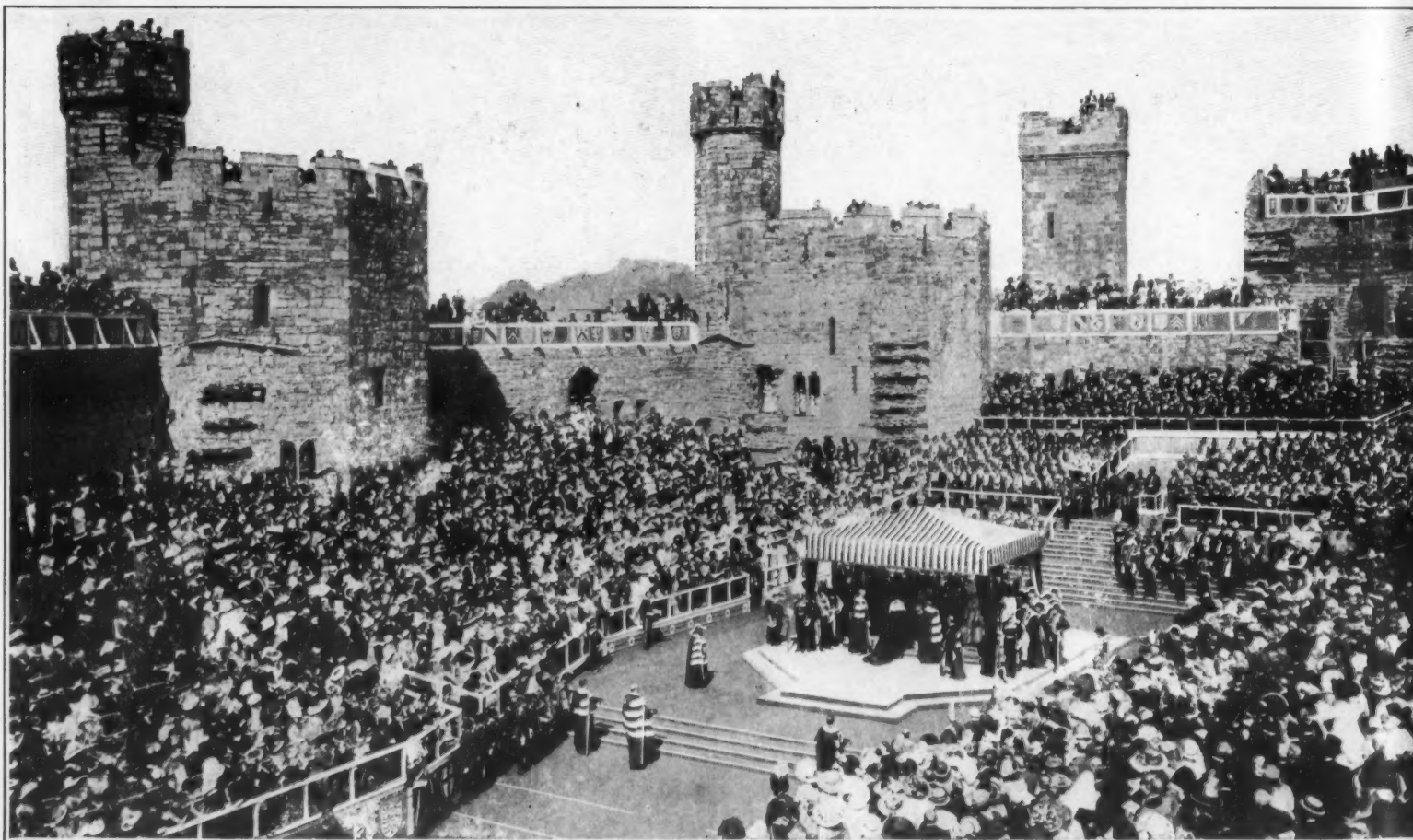
# WHAT THE WORLD IS DOING



The King presenting the Prince to the people at Queen Eleanor's gateway



The procession leaving the dais after the investiture, the King holding the Prince's hand



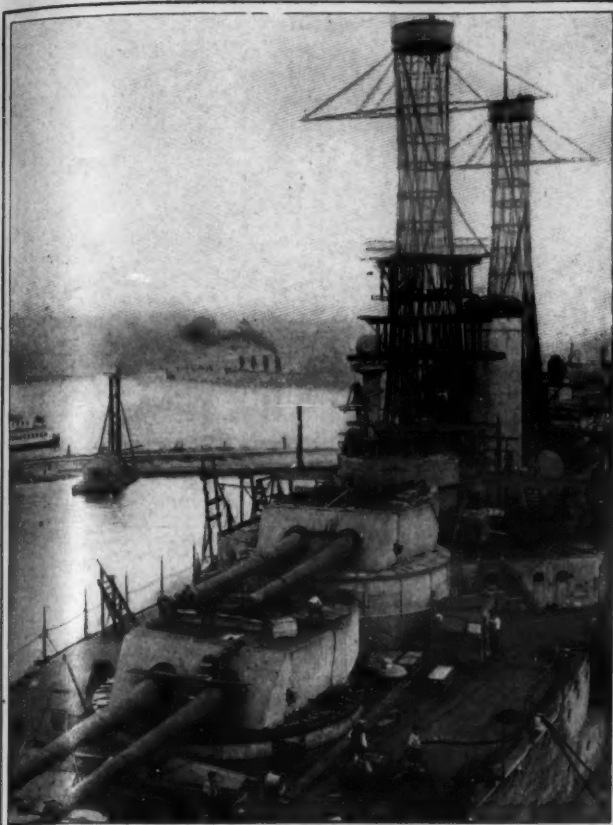
The King and Queen seated on the thrones on the dais awaiting the coming of the Prince

## The Investiture of the Prince of Wales at Carnarvon Castle, Built in the Thirteenth Century by Edward I

The ancient castle at Carnarvon, Wales, was the scene of a quaint ceremony on July 13, when Edward Albert Christian, the eldest son of King George, was invested as Prince of Wales. As the Prince left the Eagle Tower of the castle and proceeded to the Chamberlain's Tower, there to await the coming of the King, the Welsh choir of 4,000 voices sang one verse of "God Save the King" in English and one verse of "God Bless the Prince of Wales" in Welsh. The King and Queen arrived at the castle half an hour after the Prince, and, taking their places on the thrones on the dais, the King commanded the Earl Marshal to direct the Garter King-of-Arms to summon the Prince of Wales to his presence. The Prince's procession was then formed, the lords bearing the regalia preceding the Prince. As the procession reached the dais the Garter King-of-Arms delivered the letters-patent to the Lord Great Chamberlain, who presented them to the King. The Prince passing between the lords bearing the regalia approached the dais and made three separate obeisances and then, kneeling upon a cushion in front of the King, he was invested with the regalia of his office.

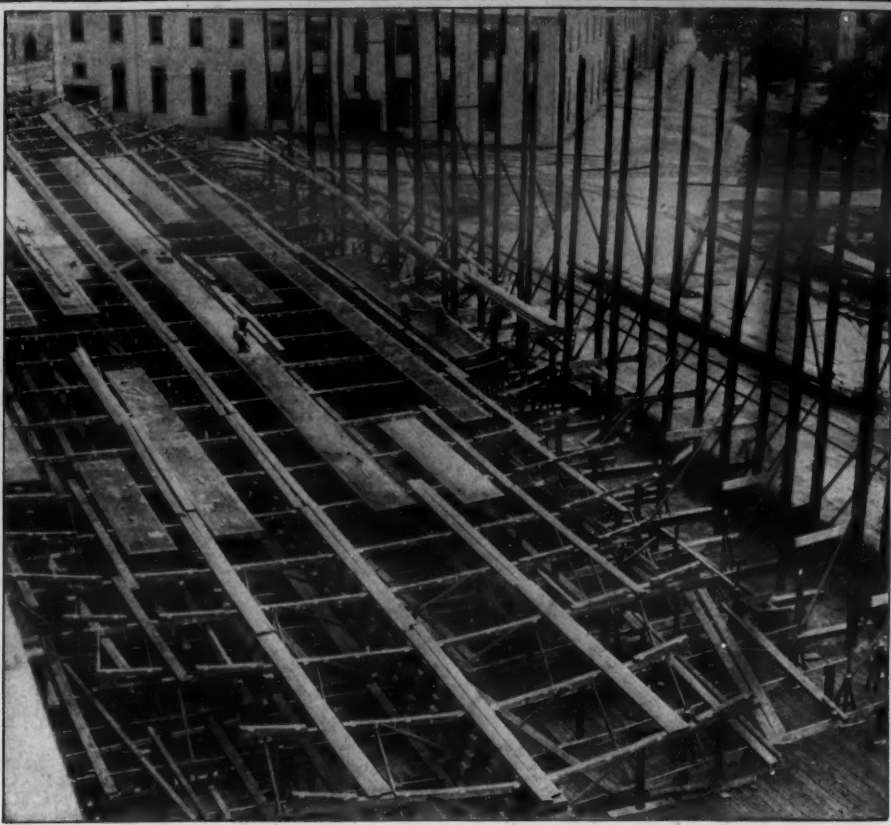


## A RECORD OF CURRENT EVENTS



The New Florida, an All-Big-Gun Battleship, at Close Range

A view of the decks of the new giant battleship showing the big superimposed turrets, of which there are two forward and three aft. Amidships there is a maze of smokestacks and searchlight platforms rising under the slender shapes of the cage masts. While her sister ship, the Utah, has already completed her trials, the Florida will not be ready to leave the yard until late in the fall



Laying the Keel of the New York, Our Latest Dreadnought, in the Navy-Yard at Brooklyn

The novelty about the New York will be her tremendous battery of ten 14-inch rifles, the largest type of guns to be mounted in any ship. Up to the present she is the largest vessel planned for the navy. Her sister ship, the Texas, is building at Newport News, and, true to the traditions of navy-yards, the New York, built by the Government in her own yard, will cost about one million and a half dollars more than the contract-built Texas, although the two ships are identical in design. The name of the old cruiser New York, of Spanish War fame, has been changed to Saratoga



War Veterans of Fifty Years Ago Watch the Youngsters of To-Day

United States Army cavalrymen from Fort Myer giving an exhibition before the veterans of the Civil War on the battle-field of Bull Run at Manassas, Virginia



# WHAT THE WORLD IS DOING



A view of the ruins of Golden City looking from the railway station. The largest death list was at Porcupine, where sixty-three are known to have perished



The temporary graveyard at the West Dome Mine



The ruins at the mouth of the Big Dome Mine



The first relief camp in South End



Refugees returning to South End



Carrying supplies and coffins from Golden City to South End



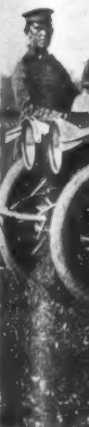
General view of South End after the fire

## The Big Fire in the Porcupine District

ON July 12 bush fires, which, aided by the hot weather, had been smoldering for weeks, overwhelmed two new Ontario towns forty miles apart—Cochrane and Porcupine, with the gold mines and townlets surrounding Porcupine Lake. Although both disasters occurred on the same day, the two fires were quite distinct and widely separated. The greatest loss of life was at Porcupine, the known death list there being 63, with a possibility that it may reach 75 or 80. The fire which burned Porcupine and its sister towns, South Porcupine and Pottsville, ravaged the townships of Tisdale and Whitney, a district 10 miles square, filled with prospectors looking for gold. Some of those who got clear of the fire in Porcupine met death in Porcupine Lake, being kicked by struggling horses, capsized from canoes and gasoline launches, drowned standing up, or suffocated by the flames which leaped out a hundred feet over the lake. Those who took refuge in the mine-shafts found them death-traps, the shaft acting as a down-draft for fire and smoke. It was in this way that Manager Robert Weiss, with his wife and daughter and seventeen miners, met their fate in the West Dome. The same thing, in lesser degree, happened at the Big Dome, Philadelphia, Eldorado, Vipond, and United Porcupine mines. Although every powder and dynamite magazine in the neighborhood exploded, no deaths are reported from this cause

Dixie III, successor, is

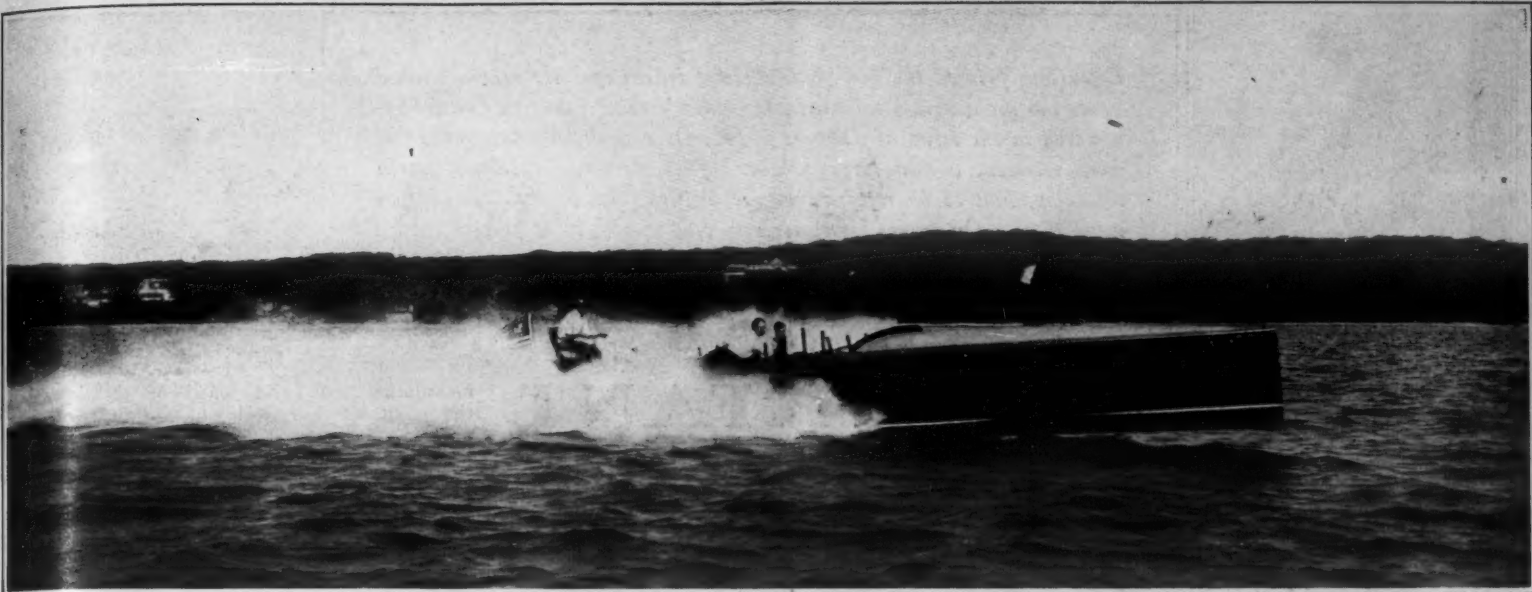
A SHORT on July guns were fir independence of being the cruisers Ken American w drama. The rived at Hou Gaunt, follow berthed at on the Naval S of the Britis greeted the the grim, lea zles of the sa a-flutter with ing at the n whites, Kan lined Allen S in the mornin uncovering town whistle o'clock, and the Naval S signals on th fired by the States's ind messa,e. A lenger, did three guns b and the ren



It was rec Experimen 1



## A RECORD OF CURRENT EVENTS

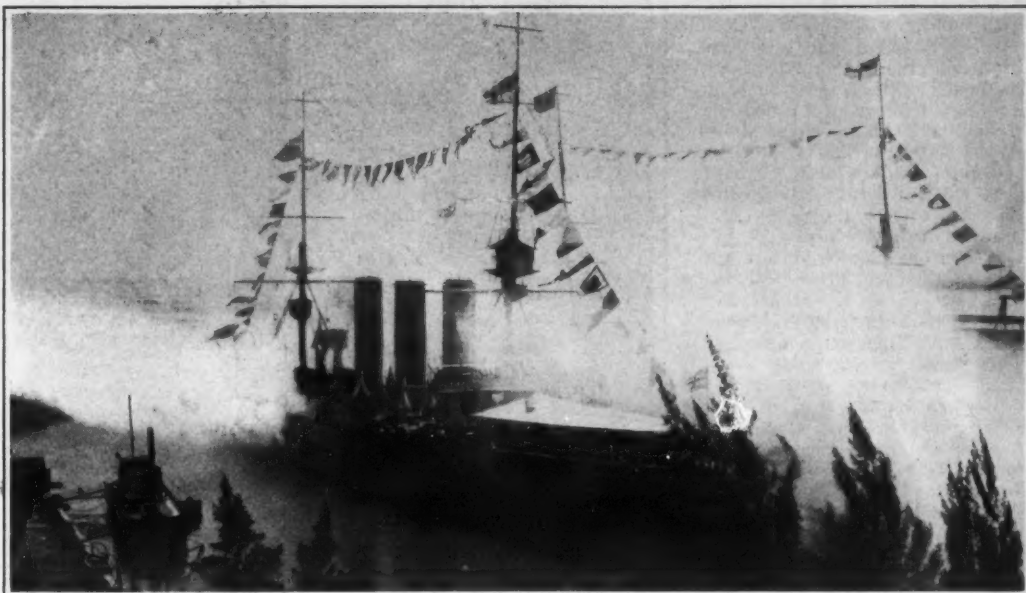


Dixie IV, a Probable American Defender in the International Races for the Harmsworth Trophy, August 24

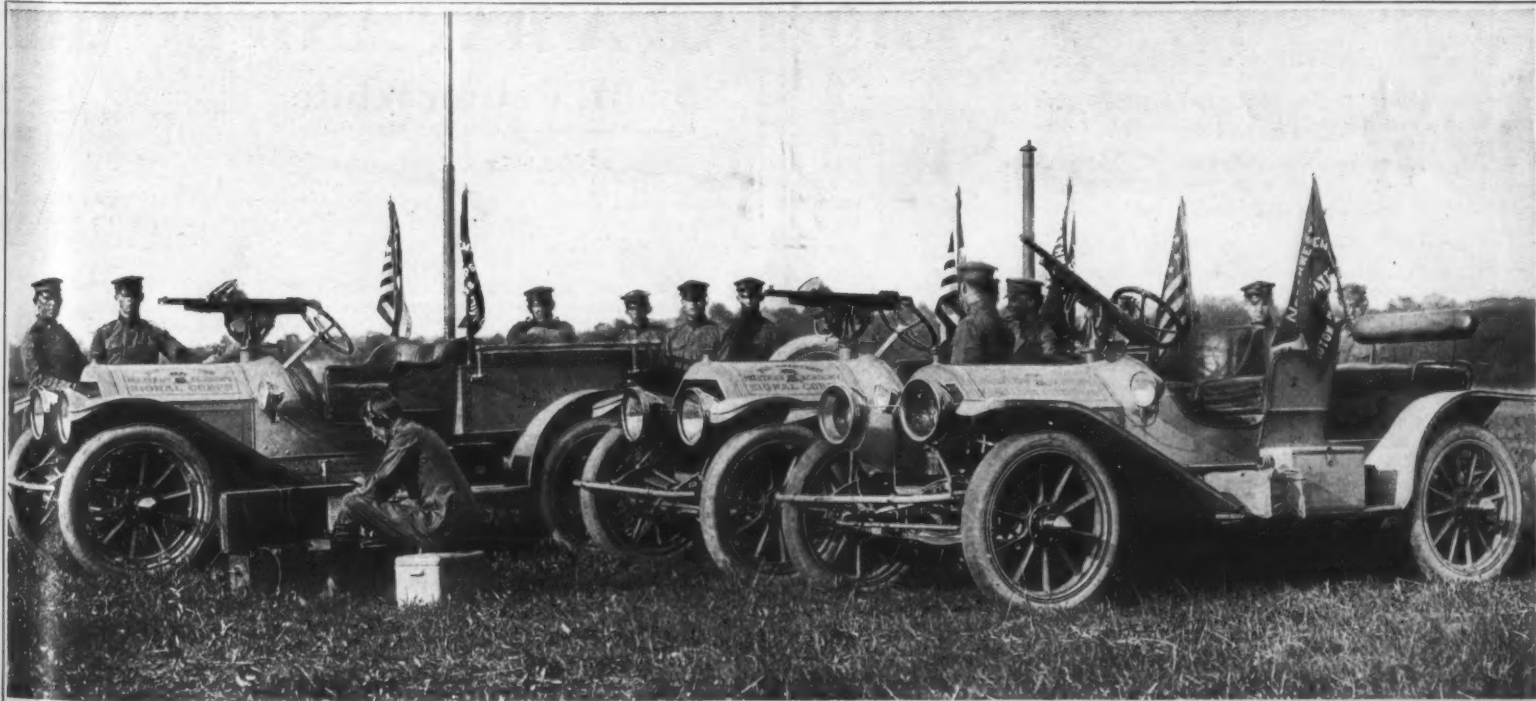
Dixie III, owned by F. K. Burnham, successfully defended the Harmsworth trophy on August 20, 1910, by defeating Pioneer. Dixie IV, a faster boat than her predecessor, is a 40-foot hydroplane and is fitted with two eight-cylinder engines of 260 horse-power each. It is claimed that she can attain a speed of 50 miles an hour.

## A New Chapter in History

A SHORT but impressive chapter was added to history on July 4, 1911, when, for the first time, British guns were fired in a national salute to our celebration of independence. The little port of Honolulu had the honor of being the scene of this remarkable event—the British cruisers Kent and Challenger, on their way from South American waters, were the actors in this international drama. The Kent, Captain Farquhar commanding, arrived at Honolulu on June 27; the Challenger, Captain Gaunt, following the next day. The two British cruisers berthed at one of the U. S. naval docks, directly opposite the Naval Station, and a receiving committee composed of the British consul and several U. S. Navy officials greeted the English officers. The Fourth dawned, and the grim, lead-colored English cruisers, facing the muzzles of the saluting guns at the U. S. Naval Station, were a-flutter with varicolored flags, the Stars and Stripes flying at the main of each cruiser. Crowds of people—whites, Kanakas, Chinese, Japanese, and Portuguese—lined Allen Street outside the station. At eleven o'clock in the morning the bluejackets at the station commenced uncovering the saluting guns. At noon precisely the town whistle blew its three blasts announcing twelve o'clock, and the first gun was fired by the American tars at the Naval Station. On the heels of the first report the signals on the Kent were lowered, and the first gun ever fired by the British in a national salute to the United States's independence roared out its history-making message. A second British gun, this time from the Challenger, did us honor. Report followed report, sixty-three guns being fired—twenty-one by the Americans and the remaining forty-two by the British cruisers.



The British cruisers Kent and Challenger firing a salute in honor of the Independence Day of the United States



The Northwestern Military Academy Automobiles Fitted with Wireless Apparatus and Balloon-Destroying Guns at the Army Aviation School, College Park, Maryland

It was recently announced that the United States War Department officials had perfected a gun which will scatter projectiles that in turn will explode and scatter others. Experiments will be held at Sandy Hook which, it is expected, will prove that the danger of dropping projectiles or explosives from aeroplanes has been obviated.



# VACATION DAYS



Below are printed the two prize-winning letters and six others selected from the manuscripts submitted in Collier's third Vacation Contest announced in the issue of July 9, 1910. Over a thousand manuscripts were received, and a large number of them, while decidedly worth retaining, had to be returned to the writers through lack of space to print them. On page 27 we are renewing our offer of previous years



## CAMP DE L'ENFANT

By Wm. L. Stidger

FIRST PRIZE, COLLIER'S VACATION CONTEST, 1910

**I** WAS on the wooded shores of the American Lake, near Tacoma, Washington, that Buster, our first boy, was born in a rough-boarded camp.

It was our vacation, and we decided that it would not do to let the looked-for lad spoil our first vacation outing.

In fact, the doctor said that to spend there the last three summer months before the baby was expected would be good for the mother, and the prenatal influences of the beautiful lake and the mountain scenery would be wonderful on the young life that was about ready to come into the world.

It was our first child, but not the first time that we had camped together. We had done that many times before in crowds in the years preceding our marriage. This time we were to camp alone.

The baby was to be born about the last of August. We took our traps and journeyed to the lake about the first of June.

We felt like the pioneers must have felt in the days of the opening of the West. Trees crowded about our wooden home. The outside of our walls still retained the bark of the large trees from which the boards were hewn. There were three rooms, one a kitchen, one a reading-room, and one a sleeping-room.

The sleeping-room was large and we had two cots in it.

We kept the reading-room comfortably filled with magazines, with the addition of a volume or two of our favorite poets.

Every morning the little mother and I would arise with the sun and take long walks through the woods, returning in time for a bath and a hearty breakfast.

During the day that followed I would cut down trees for kindling wood, swim and row, while my wife would sit on a chair near by and watch me. I happened to be a strong man physically, having but recently stepped from the shell of an Eastern university boating crew.

My wife wanted the youngster to be large like his father.

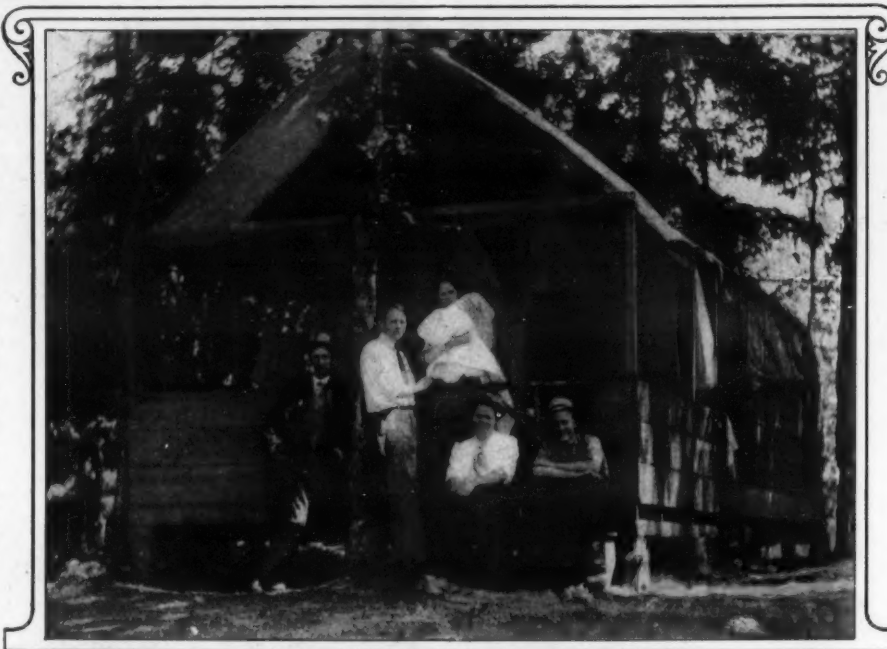
She was a great believer in the influence before birth. She has always said, since the baby has turned out to be a vigorous youth, likely to hammer a football line with telling effect in later years, that the reason for it all was that in the Camp de L'Enfant she used to watch me wield the ax and stroke the water as I swam across from one side of the lake to the other, and shoot our heavy canoe through the blue water in the evenings.

In the evenings after supper we used to take a long canoe ride out on the lake.

During the last of July the moon was full and we used to drift along the path of the moonlight on the water, watching the great white mountains, far in the distance, and catching a whiff of the ocean now and then.

Those nights on the lake before the boy was born,

whether or no they influenced the life of the little lad, are some of the sweetest memories of our lives. The smooth water, the moon path, the cool air, the



Camp de L'Enfant on the shore of a lake near Tacoma

mountains, the sweet smell of growing things, the scent of hay just cut in the Washington meadows, the silence, and the wonder of the child that was to be.

At last came Buster to the beautiful Camp de L'Enfant.

The doctor and nurse took a week's rest to be with us when it happened, and decided that they would advise that all summer babies be born in camp.

When the new mother got strong enough she was allowed by the doctor to do what she could not do before the baby came, and that was to swim. So swimming was added to the influences aiding the return of her health and strength.

The open air did wonders for both baby and mother. Two weeks after baby was born the mother swam half-way across the lake, and before the Camp de L'Enfant was closed for the summer the infant himself was given a douse now and then in the warm water during the day-time.

So was instituted the Camp of the Infant on the shores of the American Lake, near Tacoma, Washington.

It has continued for many years since.

The lad swims the lake with both mother and father now, and he is a sturdy child of the out-of-doors.

Of all our vacation times that was the best, and I, like the doctor and nurse, would advise that all summer babies be born in camp.

## A DOLLAR A DAY AND BOARD

By M. Pelton White

SECOND PRIZE, COLLIER'S VACATION CONTEST, 1910

**B**Y THE time I had finished reading our old neighbor's letter my mind was made up. For fear it wouldn't stay made under the fire of my family's "ifs" and "buts," I kept the motif of the letter dark and began ransacking bureau drawers and clothes-presses. A gingham and two print dresses (left-overs from the year before), underwear, toilet articles, etc., were hurriedly transferred to a suitcase and traveling-bag.

"Item I, credit side—no expense for clothes," I congratulated myself as I locked my suitcase.

But when mother kissed me good-by the next morning and said how glad she was that Mrs. B— had invited me for the summer vacation, and then added in that dear blessed way of hers: "Mother can afford to be proud of a daughter who doesn't let the absence of new frocks and things spoil her good times," I felt mean and crooked and would have confessed on the spot had not the brakeman swung my bag on the platform and looked impatiently for me to follow.

The train started. I leaned from the window, waved, and smiled. I managed the wave successfully; the smile wobbled at the corners. I hastily shrank into the far end of the seat. The ifs and buts entered the lists.

If mother knew I had hired out as a dishwasher on the B—s' ranch!

But we had always considered dishwashing respectable—for other people's girls. A dollar a day and board—

If my classmates found me out! But unless the money was forthcoming there'd be no classmates, last year, and graduation from the university. If—

"Cherry Center," shouted the brakeman, and the next instant the town with its station, one store, and five houses was under my nose. Mr. B—, broad-shouldered, bronzed, and jolly, in shirt sleeves and overalls, stood on the platform, scanning the coach windows expectantly.

"I told Mary we could depend on your helping us out," he declared, giving my hand a hearty shake; then seized my baggage and led the way to the light spring wagon, already piled high with empty milk cans.

The boys were impatient to be off; and we were soon speeding along the valley road, the river, with forests and hills beyond on one side; hop-fields, pasture lands, and



The tiniest B—



now and then an old orchard on the other. Whether it was the sunshine, or the morning breeze, or black coffee and midnight oil, or just Mr. B——'s kindly manner, so like father's—perhaps because they went to school together when they were little chaps 'way back East—I can't say; but before I knew it the whole story of father's struggle to stretch the ends of the financial string to the meeting-point, since his loss of property during the big fire the previous year was out, and my handkerchief was nothing but a little wet wad.

Mr. B—— said a lot of things about my being brave and plucky. Of course they weren't true; but all the same they made an awfully comfortable feeling inside my shirt-waist, and by the time we had driven the three miles and Mrs. B—— met us at the gate, I was as fit as a new tire on a bubble wagon.

In the afternoon I was instructed as to my duties. The grind began at 5.30 the next morning. It consisted in waiting on table and dishwashing. Sounds easy? Perhaps; but I'm right here to tell you that the amount of that particular brand of work afforded me by Mr. and Mrs. B——, the three little B——'s, the cook, twenty milkers, and no few transients, saved Satan the trouble of hunting mischief for one pair of hands at least.

At the end of the first day I ached from the crown of my head to the blisters on the ends of my toes. Deep down in my heart there was a growing con-

viction that two days—three at most—of the same kind of exertion would mean a funeral; and I didn't give a care what rôle was assigned to me, either.

A sponge bath, alcohol rub down, and a glass of warm milk—Mrs. B—— brought it up as I was pulling the covers over my head (they deaden the sound of snuffles)—and I knew nothing more till "the sun came peeping in at morn."

How gingerly I tested my legs and arms! Outside of a little stiffness and soreness there was nothing wrong with them. I postponed the date of the funeral, and shortly forgot it.

Most of my time was spent out of doors, for the dishwashing table was at one end of the big back porch, where I could enjoy sunshine in the early morning and shade and coolness during the heat of

the day. A long-legged stool in front of the dishpan saved my feet considerably. During the long days the older children showered me with cherries, apples, plums, and pears from the orchard; the tiniest B—— shared his candy bags, even the cockatoo, perching sociably near, gossiped for my entertainment.

At the end of the twelve weeks' vacation I carried home tan and roses, ten pounds extra weight, a defunct tear generator, a farm-hand appetite, ninety dollars (*my very own*), and an astonishing aptitude for Greek roots. I fairly shouted the secret of my summer's occupation; but I've a growing suspicion that mother knew of Mrs. B——'s offer all the time, and just wanted me to decide for myself.



The B—— ranch, the scene of my twelve weeks' outing

hopeful days I had selected diamond tiaras (from the sidewalk), carved cuckoo clocks, and hall mirrors, with chamois rampant.

I passed through the Rue Basses, noting the disappearance of certain charming but I suppose hopelessly unsanitary old houses of the eleventh and twelfth centuries and their replacement by clean stucco façades that made me indignant; reached the Place Bel Air where we used to take the bus for Petit Lancy. No more busses now, but plenty of trolley-cars supplied by a Cleveland firm. Then up to the Corraterie. Same little glove shops, same meerscham pipe stores with amber necklaces in the window, same circulating musical library, where, as a conservatory student, I had an "abonnement."

Then with beating heart I climbed up toward the old town, searching a certain street debouching into the cathedral square, and a certain stairway which I used to climb three times a week to my lessons with a literary woman since known for her friendship with Frédéric Amiel.

There, in her study, I had learned to know Racine, Corneille, Toepffer—the French classicists and the Swiss romanticist.

There, together, we had read scenes from Molière, she taking Alceste, I Philaminte, with as much dramatic fervor as if we belonged to the Comédie Française. I can see her yet, making extravagant bows toward an armchair, saying: "Après vous, Madame."

The zest of it penetrated my soul and sang in it for three decades. Was she yet living? Would she remember me?

I found the street, the door, the stairway, the bell, and—her. There were no preliminaries. Drawing me closer to the window and looking at me with near-sighted intentness, she cried:

"Ma chère enfant! on sont tes boucles!"

"My child! Thy curls!" The sweet "tutoyer" of the old days! Gone was my white hair. Forgotten were the grown-up boys and girls I had left at home. I was nineteen again and ready to have my exercise book corrected. We bridged the years in an hour. My French came out of the dusty pigeonholes of my brain almost as good as new. We discussed books, world politics, old friends, and the dear dead, our early lessons, my life and hers, and the changes in Geneva. It was not the last experience of that kind. Other doors opened to me and tea-tables offered the fascinating little cakes of yore, the kind of which I always hoped to eat ten francs' worth when I had saved the money.

An elderly, stout lady in a tram-car proved to be a girl I had played duets with when we were both neither elderly nor stout. A stately gentleman, owing to a recent grandchild, grasped my hand warmly and began to talk about excursions up La Saleve or over the Col de la Faucille; ancient history all, but, oh, how vivid when two memories compare notes!

Through it all the old familiar language, the blessed revelation that friends of other days and different experiences had kept growing and were still sympathetic; even down to the unsalted butter and chicken salad with the bones in it: all was sweet, refreshing, and, like myself, old, old, but with the fresh-

ness of the new. Vacations at twenty? What are they to the vacations of fifty?

## A REPEATED VACATION

By Charlotte Reeve Conover

**Y**OUR stories will all be from the experience of youth: of vacations where the blood in the veins is like the rising sap in trees and where every experience is wonderful and gilded. Mine will be warmed over embers. But I would not exchange.

I was stepping off a steamer at the quay in Geneva, just as I had stepped off another, on just such a hot July day, twenty-nine years before. It was the climax of a sudden resolution to see Switzerland once more, and the end of a journey undertaken in a

splendid spirit of unexpectedness. Coming from the lower end of the lake, I had been for hours peering from the bow of the boat through the hot summer mists for a first sight of my old home. First there appeared the mystical outline of huddled roofs and the glint of reflected sunlight in window-panes; then, overtopping them, the shadowy lift of the cathedral towers.

But what was it that grew between them? Surely not a bastard spire! Then I remembered a letter:

"You will find our Geneva much changed since your schooldays here. They have made a Chicago of it; even the cathedral—but I await your own impressions." As the boat drew nearer I saw street upon street, block upon block of new hotels and apartment-houses, stretching on either bank beyond the confines of the city, as I had known it. New macadamized drives, new quays, a new jetty. It all chilled my heart. What if the Chicagoizing had swept old friends out of sight with the old landmarks! I thought of dear, dim, dark old doorways, steep stairs, and cobblestoned streets where I used to go in and out as a girl; of the Madeleine where I played the organ; of tiled roofs, beyond which one caught glimpses of snowy mountain outlines cutting into the blue; of a certain pastrycook's shop where I consumed quantities of "little breads" at recess hours. And the friends! Ah! the friends! Was there one soul left to give me greeting after the passing of a generation?

I sent my trunk on to the hotel. Would I go there and rest during the heat of the day?

No. Would I unpack, wash my face, and put on a fresh shirt-waist?

Not until I had satisfied myself of certain things.

So I unfurled my sunshade and sped over the bridge where I had trudged so often with music-roll and schoolbooks in 1873.

I passed the glittering window displays where in



Here we used to take the bus for Petit Lancy



I climbed up toward the old town



I was back in Geneva after twenty-nine years

## WRESTLING WITH A RANCH

By Jessie Zane

**M**Y VACATION

has lasted a

year. The proportion is just, for I never had one before, and I'm forty. Tragedy left me facing an abnormal world. No, I was, and admitted it, and said: "I'll get in tune." So I retreated to a ranch that seemed to

promise some profit. My city-bred and spoiled girls came weeping along. I built a barn and lived in a granary.

A gray caravan of hay wagons put my furniture at the place. Every driver but one, the man who bargained to move my goods, was drunk. It was midnight and the moon was full when they drove up to the shack; two o'clock when they left, but they had unpacked the piano and some one picked out "Cheyenne" before they squeezed it through the granary door.

I bought a team of Indian ponies. They were fractious, and their bucking, shying, and other accom-

plishments took many a kink out of my soul. I've lain, thrown

on my back, under them, rearing and plunging, but God didn't let their feet come on me, and I've risen and conquered more than just ponies. I've been in the dark, lost on the prairie, but I gave them the rein and they found the road.

I've wrangled with irate neighbors, had them threaten Indians, plunder, to overrun my place with herds of Texas steers. I've faced drought and shriveled in heat that cooks grease out of one—moisture had long departed. I've done all my chores, pruned fifteen hundred trees, curried horses, pitched hay, and raised chickens and ray first garden. I've frozen in a blizzard, while the lightning cracked and cracked, and far south, ignoring and drifting through the fences, went the cringing cattle.

Then the cowboys found the stricken beasts in this storm that threatened death and brought them out in a pathetic herd, urging the poor, numbed beasts to follow the feed wagon.



Never did a man look so fine or mean so much. The beasts followed blindly, and the men, with frozen faces, crusted with ice, were on a par that day with the heroes of sagas.

I have lived big—fought with primal things. I feel whole. There aren't any numb places, and those girls have seen another world live and I have my

of the landscape. I've had to come South to see violet heads meeting and crowding as far as I could see. The only things not blue were the mighty trunks of the pecan tree.

And the little blue and black-winged gulls circle and swoop unceasingly after the plow. Sweet-william, white and pink and of a delicious sweetness



Riding over my Oklahoma ranch

old waist line and color back. I can sell the place at an increase over what I paid for it—ten dollars more an acre, and I've found myself.

I've gathered mistletoe, holly, and pecans. I've ridden under the stars and heard the coyotes laugh and seen a thousand cranes in my cornstalks. They teetered and sauntered there for two weeks. I've gathered and eaten persimmons—oh, so many!

The wild flowers held high carnival. Who said that our American flowers are lacking in color, variety, and perfume? Send them to Oklahoma. The dog-tooth violet becomes a veritable lily here, and while it sways its tinkling head, mauve is the color



My team of accomplished ponies

The cowboys brought in a pathetic herd

unknown in the North, holds its swaying court, and larkspur is so thick and feathered that the line

*Press where ye see my white plume shine amid the ranks of war—*

is suggested. They are feathered knights—and the cardinal flower hangs over the creekside, and there are many Indians.

I only know of other vacations from hearsay. I never knew a year so good, I think—especially do I underscore the perils as good. I have not doubted, and the bigness and cold and heat and winds and wickedness have only italicized: *Thus far and no farther.* I go back to my work.

## “—BUT THERE IS NO PEACE”

Being an Excerpt from a Professional Humorist's Quest of a Vacation

By A Newspaper Paragrapher

WHEN a joker's not engaged in his employment,  
Or maturing his facetious little jokes,  
His capacity for innocent enjoyment  
Is just as great as any other folks'.  
My sorrow I with difficulty smother  
When people feel that they have got to pun:  
Ah, take one consideration with another,  
A jester's life is not a happy one.

WHEN the enterprising jester isn't jesting,  
When the poet isn't occupied in rime,  
He likes to do some ground-and-lofty resting,  
He loves to have a somber sort of time.  
When the japer of the paper isn't japing,  
The quip and crank are what he loves to shun,  
But—from the stubborn fact there's no escaping—  
The jester's life is not a happy one.

—GILBERT, somewhat revised.

APPLY, on the other side of Jordan, is there rest for the weary humorist. I use humorist without quotes. Humorist is slang for a serious-minded, industrious person who has to write a daily newspaper column of verse and paragraphs. It is colloquial for one who has had Things accepted by magazines. It is patois for a reporter who can write stuff that the copy-reader will let alone. Humorist has grown to be a catholic term, like poet. But poets and humorists are as rare as ever.

However, maugre my own opinion and that of other unbiased, well-informed critics, let us assume, for working purposes, that I am a humorist. Others assumed it, and thereby hangs a thousand-word tale.

Well, then, I am a newspaper humorist. It is not, in itself, a hard thing to be, but it is a bit of a grind to attempt to be funny day after day, and one sighs for surcease. This one did, anyway. Sighed aloud to the managing editor, who—though he could not exactly see why a man whose very job was one long laugh (now you know I am a humorist) should want a vacation—allowed me two weeks.

It was a great relief to go to sleep the first vacation night without thinking of to-morrow's grist, without the dread of not being able to think of anything—in short, to sleep. A daily humorist gets into the habit of looking for paragraphs in stones, verses in the running (or frozen) water pipes, and Stuff in everything. And so I welcomed the hiatus. I read the papers that night and gloated over not having to think of a wanton wile over the indictment of the beef barons or the trial of Dr. Crippen. It was fine not to be compelled to evolve a wheeze on the weather or fashion a pleasantry on the new football rules.

I should have said that I went away. You see what paragraphing on unrelated subjects does to one's style and coherence. . . . Yes, I went away immediately to a summer resort where I knew one man. He had promised me a lot of golf and swimming. He met me at the station. He introduced me to the bus driver. "Hear you're a funny man," he said. "Well, you'd ought to come around and see that youngster o' mine. Ye could pick up 'nough to fill y'r paper f'r a year. Kid's on'y six. W'y, las' week—don't you carry a note-book an' pencil?" I assured him I always trusted to my memory, for the training in mnemonics it gave me. "Well," he continued—I am trusting to my memory, which in this case is perfect—"remember, the boy's on'y six. Got 'nother goin' on four, 'bout 's cute 's th' older one. Never know what he's goin' t' say next. Well, las' week, 's I was sayin'—" and then the bus driver told me an old-oaken jokelet, a

## FOUR DAYS AT HOME

By A.W.

I WAS late Saturday afternoon, there was four dollars in my purse, and I was desperately tired. I had just been informed by the benevolent men, whose families were out of town idling all the

long summer, that, as work was light, I could have three days in which to rest and recuperate for the heavy fall work; this they carefully computed, added to Sunday, would make four days, and they hoped to see me on Thursday in fine shape.

I was speechless with gratitude and amazement, for an illness in April had used up my two weeks' allotment for the year, also had wiped out my assets as to strength and money; when the vacation lists were made up, my name did not appear, and I was left to face the smothering heat of July and August doing double duty, with longer hours. My

moss-covered chestnut, so old that "Answers" and "Tit-Bits" and the other English weeklies that they can not understand our brand of humor had stopped stealing it from American papers ten years ago. No use quoting it. You would think I made up the incident. "If you use that in your paper," said the bus driver, "don't use my name. You can p'tend you made it up yourself."

Arrived at the hotel, an eager crowd awaited my coming. I say it boldly. My friend had done advance work for me. I would liven up things, he promised. Wait till they heard me get off a few, he had said. He introduced me to a dozen or so. All the various sexes were represented on that hotel piazza, despite what tradition says of summer resorts. Everybody tried to make me feel at home by being humorous. Seven punned on my name; three said: "Well, you'll find lots of funny things up here," and the others giggled in anticipation of the humorous masterpiece I was about to deliver. One man asked me whether I expected to stay long. I replied, as any millionaire, actor, orator, or other humorless person might have, that I expected to stay a week or two. Not Mark Twain at his best, not Simeon Ford before his most eager audience, ever got a bigger hand. They roared. (Honest, they did.)

After dinner they awaited me on the piazza, Bell-boys and waiters were pointing me out. I was introduced to the Younger Veranda Set. One young man took half an hour telling me a story of how he nearly met Marshall P. Wilder once. Another told me, word for word, six things that had appeared in my own department. One is torn by clashing emotions under such conditions. If one laughs, one feels a fool and a hypocrite for laughing at one's own things, be they never so merry; if he does not, one is thought an old Scrooge. And one can not come out and say: "I wrote those." Then somebody started limericks. Why couldn't they let me have my own sorrowful, lugubrious time? And when they said good night, he who had been the Life of the Party assured me that he guessed I would have a lot of new stuff when I got back.

On the links next morning play was impossible. People would come running up to me with cute sayings of little Alice, aged four, stories beginning: "It seems there was an Irishman and Pat—" and a gallery followed me to hear my comments on the game. Briefly—long training in paragraphing makes one's style disconnected, perhaps, but one does not grow verbose—golf at that place was no fun. Nothing at that place was any fun, in short. Take it on the word of a humorist.

On Sunday I was invited to a dinner at one of the adjoining cottages. In a weak moment I accepted. When I got there I found the Function was given in my honor, and that I was expected to entertain the guests. My entertaining average is .000. They know it now. When a buttered toast-master called on me for a speech, I said that I could not make one, which was true, and I did not, which was terrible. The party was spoiled. The hostess was offended. The host was insulted. My friend, who had press-agented me so enthusiastically, was hurt in the vanity. . . .

Because, when I left on the evening train to spend the rest of my vacation in town, he said to me: "The trouble with you, old man, is that you haven't any sense of humor."



My vacation aerie

heart ached more than my head, for I had planned to go home this year; but four days and four dollars, with home two thousand miles away, meant fly to save time, walk to save money, or both, or neither. I felt as though there was no place to go and no facilities for going.

Walking aimlessly up the avenue, a florist's shop attracted my attention; there were no flowers in sight, only ferns, and it looked like a bit of country brought to town. It gave me an idea which I grasped; that was, to do some camping at home and make the best of things.

Figuratively speaking, I quit kicking and pricked up my ears. I ordered some of the ferns sent up, which with a roll of green crepe paper would be my woods, and stopped at a little shop and bought a sheer lawn lavender kimono for forty-nine cents which looked very cool and loungy. For rations, I ordered bread, butter, cream.

(Concluded on page 37)



# A VACATION AT WORK

By Hannah C. Weston

**W**ITHIN the borders of this country there is a belief, grown up in the hearts of the uninitiated, that to receive one's living under the guidance of the Government—to be paid in coin which that Government has newly issued for you from its mint—is to have solved finally the vexing and intricate problem of existence. This belief flourishes in its greatest luxuriance in the provinces. It varies directly with the distance. Those whose lives are passed within the central circle—those whose names are graven on "certified lists"—have lost this belief among others cast aside in adolescence. But they have not lost their adhesion to that mass which, viewed molecularly, reveals the Government clerk.

It appears that we, at the time we received the message, were of the provinces provincial. The message called us to the capital. We replied affirmatively. It was early summer. We discussed it vaguely. Some one feared it might be uncomfortably warm. It seemed remote, but we were willing to consider it. We even bought, somewhat tentatively, thinner waists, tan shoes. But we said while we waited for the change: "We shall see the Monument."

When the train finally slid in, we emerged from the station arcade into a glare of white sunshine, direct and blinding. The black shadows fell across the whiteness in vivid blocks. The eye refused—one could feel the pupil contract, the forehead lower, the upper lashes converge toward the lower, in a sudden definite and involuntary trial for protection. The pavement yielded at each step. The heat beat up into your face. You put your hand up for a shield. It felt cool—the glove was damp from perspiration.

The next morning you joined that vast procession which moves daily toward the departments. Two cars pass you, black and bristling with those who catch a precarious footing on running-board and platform. You are new and wait with calmness for one less crowded. Later you learn to fidget. The next car stops. You are surprised to find it almost empty. In a week you have learned this means you are late. The car bobs briskly down the silent street. The houses turn blank eyes upon the passers. Vestibules are closed here and there by doors of rough boards. Windows present rectangles of newspaper turning yellow beneath the glass. The grass, however, is vivid green. The trees arch down the long, sunny streets. You look down the car-track ahead. The heated air rises and dances above the straight line of the central underground trolley. You suddenly remember that you are going to work. "What time is it, please?" some one asks in the seat behind. "Ten minutes before nine," the conductor says in a tone which implies that he is asked this question always as we turn this corner. The questioner (a tiny old lady with white hair) folds her hands nervously. She has been "in office" seventeen years and has been late only four times. It is her epitome.

The work appears simple. You have time to make acquaintance in your office. There are several women of different types. The men are less numerous and efface themselves hurriedly as the gong sounds the lunch hour. You open the paper bag which the landlady pressed into your hand that morning. You had been dubious then, but had been reassured by finding that everybody on the car carried one also. The bag contains two sandwiches, one plum, one small gem cake. It contains this same menu every day. It is the lunch of every Government clerk who fears he can not, in the half-hour allowed for lunch, make his order heard at those small and crowded lunch-rooms which fringe the departments.

The gong rings at half-past four. There has been a shower in the afternoon, and the sidewalks are still warm and wet. Little curls of steam rise languidly as you leave the building. You feel wilted, subdued—a little uncertain. How does one spend the evening-time in Washington?

There is perhaps no other city where the unit merges into the mass so quickly and with so little discomfort. Almost before any plans can be made, there are plans made for you. And the time "after office" constitutes the vacation.

Perhaps some day there will be found one who loves the Potomac and who reveres the written word. From him should come the tribute to that quiet and restful water. The boathouse is a casual affair, the wharf sketchy enough for apprehension. But after the canoe is well out on the gently convex surface of the water, with the western light flashing directly under the lowered lids and a tentative breeze smoothing past, the trivial affairs that weary and heat the day are left behind. It is vacation-time on the river and in the heart.

Presently the sun is gone. The evening drifts gently down. The sky puts off its scarlet and deepens into darker blue. The banks loom black above you. On the opposite bluff the black lace-work of the trees is illuminated now and then by the trolleys—too far away to hear—etherialized into flashing beauty. The stars come out slowly, almost shyly. You are provincial, but the heavens are not for any one province. You recognize these friendly lights.

Suddenly, almost at your side, you hear the low murmur of voices. Another boat slides dimly past

—is gone. A laugh floats up. While you endeavor to remember something of the woman who laughed like that back in the provinces and while you are busy with recollection, you hear a subtle difference in the gentle articulation of the paddle. There is a long-drawn sigh instead of the easy breathing which marked the leisurely progress of the last half hour. Before you can inquire, there is an elastic touch and rebound of the gunwale. You put your hand out in the darkness and feel the wet carpeted edge of the wharf. You lift your head and look down the unhurried march of the river. You see the lights of the bridges, the darker mass of island toward the channel, and, far away, gray and calm and cool, the pale shaft of the Monument.

It is something to be provincial and to see things thus for the first time.



Suddenly you hear the low murmur of voices, and another boat slides past and is gone

## CHANGING WORKSHOPS

By William C. Wilson

**T**HE most tiresome thing in the world is rest; that is, rest in the shallowest interpretation of the word. Try it. See how long you can sit or lie perfectly quiet and still, physically and mentally, before you get the fidgets. It will not take long to make the experiment, but the time will be wasted, take my word for it.

The most restful thing in the world, particularly for people who deserve a rest, is just to tackle a different kind of work; but I do not want my sermon to be all text, so I will go ahead and tell about the very best vacation I ever had.

I was a green clerk in a new office, and my duties were to see that the orders secured by the sales department were properly filled by the mills. The job was no light one. In the first place, your mill man has no exalted opinion of the office man. The man at the operating end of the business sees in himself the Doer of Things and the Getter of Results; and it is powdered glass and carpet-tacks to his manly pride to be hurried by a highly manicured dude who sits in an office with his feet on a mahogany desk, wearing a boiled shirt, and smoking a twenty-five-cent cigar. Office men always wear boiled shirts and smoke twenty-five-cent cigars—if you do not believe it, ask a mill man. On the other hand, the average salesman loves his customers with a feverish love, and it is a personal insult to him if each of them does not have his order filled on the same day it is received. The Devil and the Deep Sea look like cheerful alternatives to the poor duffer who stands between the sales department and the mill.

Therefore, when my vacation time arrived, I did not need to consult any tourist agencies. I purchased a neat suit of overalls, hiked for our biggest mill, and struck the superintendent for a job. Told him I wanted to see the wheels go 'round and find out just what the mill had to do before a shipment could be made. He smiled a smile that began by being cynical and wound up by being malicious. Then he called in the loading foreman and told him to lose himself for a couple of weeks while I held down his job. The loading foreman's job! Gee! I nearly died in my tracks. Why, the loading foreman had charge of loading all the cars, and was boss of over sixty hunkies, with power to hire and fire. With a voice like a dying rabbit, I thanked the superintendent for his kindness, and tottered out after the foreman, to learn all he knew about his job before the noon whistle blew.

It was fine business, that vacation job of mine. All I had to do was to see that all the cars were properly loaded, and that the hunkies did as nearly

a day's work as might reasonably be expected of such.

And I had from seven in the morning until six at night in which to do it. If the cars were not forthcoming as ordered, it was a case of hustle down to the "dog-house," where Three-fingered Bill and his switching crew hung out, and jolly or plead (or pass out elaborately banded nickel cigars) in order to get the cars switched in. The hunkies also did the best they could to keep life from being dull. Even barring the natural tendency to play horse with a new and untamed boss, their racial tendencies and prejudices made each day an interesting one. For instance, each crew had to be composed of men of only one nationality. If a Rumanian was carelessly set to work in a crew of Hungarians, the things that would happen to him could only compare, in generally distressing effects, with what would happen to a Hungarian who was put to work in a Rumanian gang. One day I accidentally organized an extra gang of about equal numbers of Austrians and Hungarians. Result, one race riot, with victory perching on the banners of Austria.

It was a thoroughly strenuous two weeks; working in the open air all day; doing things with one's arms and legs, as well as with head and fingers; handling men and materials, instead of figures and pieces of paper. Every minute was full of things to be done, and actual, concrete problems to be solved. Decisions had to be reached quickly; and mistakes could not be corrected by changing an entry or dictating a letter. The work was hard, but it bred a man's-size appetite. I was busy all day, but at night I was ready and anxious for bed before one after-dinner pipe had been finished. Everything was so different from the routine to which I had been accustomed that the work was fun—and the fun was increased many times by the satisfaction of tackling a strange proposition and making good.

When I returned to my desk in the office, my work there was infinitely more interesting and profitable than it had been. It meant something. Shortly after I had resumed my regular work, I called up the shipping-clerk of another of the mills to ask him to work his men overtime and get out a special rush order. He replied that he would have to pay the men time and a half for their overtime, and that would make the work too costly. "Friend," said I, "I was holding down the loading foreman's job at South Mills last week, and I know that those Hungarians of yours will be only too glad to work overtime at straight-time rates." "You young monkey," said the shipping-clerk. "How big a car does he want? What's the route?" My vacation had begun to pay dividends.



# His Idol's Eye

By RALPH BERGENGREN

EYES—There is light enough, they say, in the East, but eyes are as necessary as light, and therefore Dr. Dodder, who has been successful in setting artificial eyes, has taken passage from New York for Boston, on a professional visit, provided with all the varieties of blue, black, gray, and hazel eyes, which he will set with much skill, and greatly to the satisfaction of patients.—Boston Chronicle and Patriot, March 13, 1830.

THE ocean heaved slowly in long, oily, monotonous blue-green swells. Now it lifted a small boat to the summit of a mountain from which two solitary voyagers could look anxiously in every direction to a landless and sailless horizon. Again it slid them down, down, down, down into a lovely translucent green valley, from which they instinctively raised their eyes heavenward and wondered whether they would ever come up again.

Fortunately it was a fairly warm morning; and fortunately, too, the occupants of this infinitely lonely little craft were father and daughter. The rigging of a small but portly sail, which, under happier circumstances, could have been no other than the gentleman's frilled shirt, had therefore been accomplished without serious discomfort to one passenger or undue shock to the other. A fair wind, brisk remnant of the historic March gale of 1830, belled the frilled shirt and held the little vessel due east at about six or eight knots. Besides her passengers, she carried a keg of water, a hamper of provisions, a plump carpet-bag, and a small, brass-bound chest marked "Dr. D. Dodder" on the ends, and "This Side Up, Handle With Care," on the top.

"I'll have the law on 'em," said the man bitterly. "Yes, sir!" He ground his teeth, drew his black frock coat closer over his hygienic red flannel undergarment, and set his tall hat at an angle better calculated to withstand a wind that kept his long, gray Dundreary whiskers in constant graceful motion. "I'll teach 'em! I'll sue the owners of that accursed vessel for not transporting us according to contract! And the captain for putting us adrift! And the crew for attempted assassination! Here am I, somewhere in mid-ocean at"—he took out his watch, looked at it inquiringly, and hurled it violently and impulsively overboard—"Here am I, somewhere on the broad bosom of the Atlantic—which I wish to Heaven would discontinue these confounded breathing exercises!—with a professional visit announced in all the Boston newspapers and our rooms taken at the Tremont House. And headed for Europe!"

To this acid, but not unnatural, utterance Dorothy Dodder made no immediate answer. She opened the hamper, took out two large round crackers and two small once-dried prunes and laid them in a row on the chest to dry for luncheon. She was a slight, ethereal creature with large blue eyes and a vivacious manner, even in handling a damp dried prune. Her father had often called her his comfort, and she doubtless felt that now if ever was the time to be comforting.

"Isn't it beautiful," she cried enthusiastically, "and doesn't it make you think of the beginning of Byron's lovely poem about the Corsair?"

*O'er the glad waters of the dark blue sea,  
Our thoughts are boundless, and our souls as free,  
Far as the breeze can bear, the billows foam,  
Survey our empire and behold our home!*

BUT Dr. Dodder surveyed their empire with disgust and beheld their home with extreme disapproval. Evidently he would have preferred to be at his club.

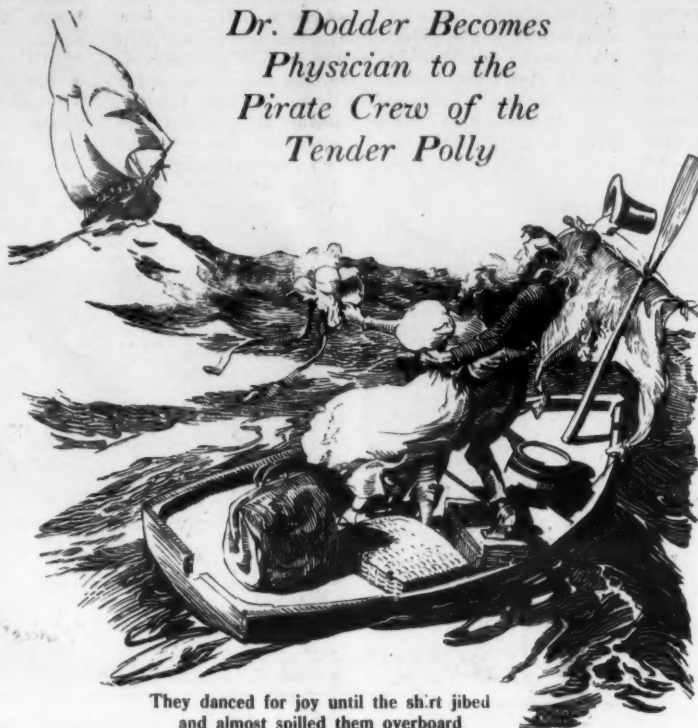
"And wouldn't it be just lovely," added Dorothy, "if we were rescued by Conrad and his corsairs!"

"Conrad and his corsairs," said the doctor testily, "are dead—and, for my part, I'm very glad of it. We live in the enlightened nineteenth century. Our Eye, so far from being evil, is a positive boon to humanity. In the words of the circular—and you, my dear daughter, are a living proof that I do not exaggerate—one can do everything but see with it. Leaving the chest open was undoubtedly a mistake. But that any connection could be made between our chest and a storm at sea—"

"But I'm sure the poor captain was sorry," said Dorothy. "He really had to choose between putting us adrift and being put adrift with us." Then they fell silent; and only when luncheon was at last dried

Dr. Dodder Becomes  
Physician to the  
Pirate Crew of the  
Tender Polly

Pictures by JOHN SLOAN



They danced for joy until the shirt jibed and almost spilled them overboard

and devoured did they again turn their anxious eyes to the distant horizon.

They looked—and danced for joy in their little boat until the shirt jibed and brought them to their senses by almost spilling them overboard. Hardly more than a mile away a small, rakish-looking schooner, heading directly toward their own path and staggering under every possible stitch of canvas, ripped the blue-green swells at a speed, even at that distance, keenly suggestive of some heart-breaking and apprehensive anxiety. They lost her every time they went down into the hollow of a swell; they could have wept for joy to find her nearer every time they returned to a summit. They could even see the helmsman's red beard—to which the curling smoke of a hidden pipe lent the curious effect of literally flaming whiskers—and note the curiosity with which five fierce faces peered at them in a row over the bulwarks.

BUT except for this natural curiosity the strange vessel heartlessly paid no attention to the wild and imploring gestures of the two castaways. She was evidently in a great hurry and not going to stop for anything. The six men waved their hands good-naturedly—and the black schooner crossed the path of the smaller boat with a cruel and mortifying



Unlike most serenaders, Yellow Mustaches sat on the roof of his lady's castle

indifference. Dr. Dodder and his daughter saw the high stern directly above them, and their stanch little craft bobbed like a cork in the wake it left behind it.

"Stop!" cried the doctor. "Stop! Stop! Stop! Stop! Stop!"

"Stop!" shrieked Dorothy. "Please stop!" "Stop—dammit!" shouted her father indignantly. "For the love of humanity! I am Dr. Dodder."

At that name, exactly as if they knew him, the black schooner came about and bore toward them.

"Doctor?" bellowed the man at the wheel. "Did I hear ye say 'doctor'?"

"You did," replied the man in the small boat, raising his tall hat politely. "I am Dr. Dodder."

"Then ye're jest th' feller as we're a-lookin' for," cried the red-whiskered man delightedly. One after another, the owners of the five fierce faces threw up their hands and uttered profane expressions of self-congratulation.

IF THE five fierce faces had made Dr. Dodder and his dear daughter somewhat apprehensive at a distance closer inspection was hardly more reassuring. Bareheaded and barefooted, each wore the full-dress uniform (either too large or too small for him) of a British naval officer—yet, little as he knew about the British navy, Dr. Dodder was aware that admirals did not steer their own vessels, nor a post-captain in that splendid service wear a brass ring in his nose. There were really seven of them, for a tall, graceful fellow near the galley, his brass-buttoned waistcoat protected by a blue gingham apron, industriously beat something, presumably one or more luckless eggs, in a large tin wash-basin. Doubtless his long, handsome yellow mustaches had interfered with this cruel employment, for he had tied the ends together above his head with a piece of tarred rope.

Dorothy Dodder followed her father. Her two bright eyes rose over the bulwarks and met the suddenly enraptured gaze of the man with the wash-basin. Still with his eyes on hers, he set down the wash-basin, tore off his disfiguring apron, and approached rapidly, untying his yellow mustaches with one hand, while, with the other, he gallantly waved the egg-beater. Quick as he was, however, twelve willing hands had assisted Dorothy to the deck; and the best he could do was to dive into the cabin and come up with a nice red rocking-chair. He placed the chair in the shadow of the sail, motioned her to it with a graceful wave of the egg-beater, and the others, who had not thought of this happy attention, regarded him with mingled contempt and admiration.

The admiral picked up the doctor's carpet-bag.

"Now as we're all aboard an' cozy-like," he said cheerily, "th' sooner ye see th' patient, doctor, th' sooner ye'll be able to begin a-treatin' of him."

"An' why they calls 'em patients," said the post-captain with the nose ring, "beats me! Listen at pore ole Bald Head now, messmates, an' tell me ef that sounds like wot ye'd rightly call patient?"

Really there was no need of listening. From the cabin issued a continuous, lively, whistling noise, followed an instant later by the crash of crockery against woodwork and the sudden appearance, like a jack-in-the-box, of a round, indignant face in the cabin hatchway.

"E won't tike 'is bloomin' gruel," exclaimed the face anxiously, peering at them through a pair of horn-rimmed spectacles whose ends disappeared earward over a pair of neat black side-whiskers. "H'I tries to pour h'it down 'im with th' bloomin' funnel, an' 'e grabs th' dish an' tries to murder of me with h'it. Wot 'e's a-tryin' to say, h'I don't make h'out, an' wot's more, h'I don't want to. H'I'm as tough a man as most, messmates, but there's some things h'as h'I don't like to 'ear spoken."

"Wot th' pore feller's a-whistlin' for," said the admiral, "be a doctor—an' here's this Doc Dudder—"

"DODDER," interrupted the doctor. "D-O-D, Dod, D-E-R, der—Dodder. My dear daughter, Miss Dorothy Dodder"—he made a gesture of introduction, and his dear daughter, sitting in the nice red rocking-chair and conversing gratefully with the gallant fellow who

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Yellow Mustaches took one more look at himself in the pocket mirror

had thought to get it for her, bowed so absently that the others immediately turned their backs on her. "But I fear, admiral, that you are laboring under a misapprehension—"

"Dudder'll do," said the admiral, and turned toward the cabin. "Th' pint is as ye cures th' patient or we drops ye overboard." One after another, his fierce companions glanced toward the rocking-chair. But Dorothy and Yellow Mustaches were too busy with each other to be interrupted—and

there was nothing for it but to put their hands in their pockets, shuffle their feet, and whistle their indifference to women as they followed the admiral.

Sunlight mildly illuminated the cabin. The doctor made out a swinging table, a few more nice red rocking-chairs, a cupboard in the far corner, and a double row of berths along the sides. From one of these berths the doleful whistling noise continued with undiminished ferocity; as the doctor drew nearer, he saw that it was occupied by a stout, powerful man whose dishonest face had expanded until his lips were pursed in a perpetual pout, and every effort at articulation ended in a prolonged whistle. What his normal appearance might be the doctor could not determine. His nose, always small and knobby, had almost disappeared between two fat cheeks that seemed romantically determined to kiss each other across the bridge of it; and the baldness of his yellow head, if it had only been provided with a curly stem, would have given him a pitiable resemblance to a pear with the toothache. Even Dr. Dodder, remembering a youthful experience, recognized that the poor fellow was suffering with the mumps.

"HERE'S th' doctor," said the admiral in that tone of mingled pride and relief with which the person who has run for the physician always introduces him into the bosom of an afflicted family. "Picked him right up off th' Atlantic, Bald Head, 's if Almighty Providence put him there jest to save carryin' of ye in to New York. How do ye feel now, ole feller?" And as the patient still kept on whistling, Red Whisker got a sheet of paper and a pencil from the cupboard and handed them to him.

The sick man scribbled painfully and industriously. He was evidently one of those whose best composition is accomplished only when they are able to form their words with their lips before committing them to paper. Strange expressions passed in succession over his swollen but still indomitable countenance—expressions so weird, unimaginable, and yet reminiscently childish that even the admiral could not restrain a giggle. But the invalid looked up from his writing, and his eyes glared so venomously over his fat cheeks that the observers promptly restrained their emotions and gazed thoughtfully at the ceiling.

"Dam bad," he wrote, "I can not curse and dam as I would, but I say dam and dam and dam and dam, etc. I am sick her and sick her. And I am mad too. Who would not be? What do you think of a nurse who feeds you oat meal grew ell through a fun ell when you have had all you want to eat and will not stop? Who wants his dam grew ell in his eye and down his neck? I wish I had broke his head as well as the bowl. You who are well and up may think I am fun he but I am not. When I am dead and all bones you will be sad. You will not gig ell then. I feel all face and no mouth and no eyes or nose to speak of. O! dam! O! hay ds!"

"That's th' way th' pore feller feels, doc," said the admiral sympathetically. "An' now th' conundrum I'm a-askin' is wot ye'll do to make him look an' act an' speak like a self-respectin' pirut?"

THE word was out, but Dr. David Dodder was hardly surprised at it. The appearance of these men, their lack of discipline, the uniforms that could only have been obtained by horrid massacre of their original wearers, had all prepared him to realize that he had fallen into the clutches of a profession that had almost become obsolete. Twice in twenty-four hours had he disgustingly penetrated

into those corners of the enlightened nineteenth century that were still unilluminated—he had, in short, been put adrift by one anachronism only to be picked up by another. Any way he looked at it the situation precluded the idea of explaining that, although provided with all the varieties of blue, black, gray, and hazel eyes, and able to set them with much skill and to the satisfaction of patients, his medical title was purely decorative when it came to doing anything else. And Dorothy, Dorothy, his dear daughter, who had so romantically imagined that it would be lovely to be rescued by Conrad and his corsairs! Even as he thought of her, her dear familiar laugh rippled down from the deck and her father had no difficulty in knowing what was happening to Yellow Mustaches. But did she realize with whom, with what, she was innocently indulging her natural feminine delight in provoking admiration? And if she did realize it—?

"Stick out your tongue, Dorothy," said the doctor in a tone of authority.

THE patient, although evidently surprised, made a desperate effort. His eyes disappeared; his whole body shuddered; brave and sick as he was, he would obey the doctor, though obedience killed him—and around his berth his villainous companions watched the struggle with an intense and awful interest.

"Looks jest like a baby a-blowin' bubbles, bless him!" murmured the man with the nose ring wonderingly.

"The tip is sufficient," said the doctor gravely. "A severe case of epluribusunum complicated with



"It's all right now," said the voice; "he's asleep agin"

veritas. We shall need drugs," he added impressively turning to Red Whisker. "The sooner we can get ashore, admiral, to a drug store—"

"We've got th' drug store," returned the pirate with a delighted air of conviction. "A hull chest on 'em, doctor, an' th' best goin', cos they was put up for a British war vessel. Wot we needed were th' able man as could spot th' pore feller's ailment an' pick out th' kind o' medicine as goes with it."

IN THE hold of the *Tender Polly* eight hammocks—two empty and six full of pirates—swung in unison with the motion of that seaworthy but abominable vessel. The air was chilly, and the six occupants of the hammocks had wound themselves up in their blankets until they had much the look of a small collection of warped and wicked mummies: but four evil heads projected sociably, and in the dim light of the swinging lantern four evil cigars glowed and faded like enormous fireflies. It was the second night after the arrival of Dr. Dodder and his dear daughter on the afflicted vessel, and the third that the crew had swung their hammocks in the hold, for the restlessness of the patient had already made sleep impossible in the cabin. The Dudders, with the help of a modest curtain, now shared that cozy apartment with the ailing pirate.

"Wot I don't like about it," said one of the warped and wicked mummies, blowing smoke sleepily through his bushy red whiskers, "be th' way th' feemal gal is a-carryin' on with Yaller Mustaches. It's on-maidenly."

"Like a annerconder," agreed another, and swung drowsily at an angle that made the lantern light play prettily on his proud brass nose ring. "Like a she annerconder a-charmin' of a pore leetle he bunny rabbit."

"An' wot beats me," said a third, doubtfully wagging his neat black side-whiskers, "is wot she sees in 'im or wot 'e sees in 'er."

"Eet ees zee passion of loaf," declared a fourth dreamily. "I know-a zat Loaf! Oh, yess!"

The two remaining mummies said nothing, doubtless because they were already sound asleep.

"An' jest listen at him now," added Red Whisker. "Cuss me, messmates, ef th' silly creetur ain't a-serenadin' of her!"

EVEN with the hatch closed the voice of a vocalist reached them: and well they knew it could be no other than their handsome companion. One might have imagined (to adopt a modern figure) that his love reposed in the top of a skyscraper and that Yellow Mustaches was wistfully addressing her from the subway. Loving to sing as he did, his vile but human comrades often wondered where he got the words of his ditties.

TH' man in th' moon's a-looking down,

he now sang with his usual fine courage.

All o' th' world is Slumber Town.

Like as if in a hammock she were

While I rocks it an' sings to her.

Sweeet—lee sleecep! Sweeet—lee sleecep!

While th' hours o' darkness crecep.

An' only pluck from th' Dream-Apple tree

One leetle dream—a dream o' me.

Sweeet—lee sleecep! Sweeet—lee sleecep!

"Funny thing, too," muttered Nose Ring languidly. "Askin' of a feemal gal to go to sleep while he's a-singin' to her!"

Over her lattice th' roses bloom,

continued Yellow Mustaches descriptively,

Scent o' th' jasmine fills th' room.

Coopids are slidin' th' moonbeams thin,

Jest to peek where she sleeps within.

Sweeet—lee sleecep! Sweeet—lee sleecep!

While th' hours o' darkness—

UNLIKE most serenaders, Yellow Mustaches sat on the roof of his lady's castle—had she peered through the port-hole Dorothy Dodder would have seen his affectionate heels dangling outside her casement—and never before, which is saying a good deal, had he sung so long without stopping. Doubtless he repeated himself, for the handsome fellow's knowledge that he was at last unquestionably in love spurred him to unwonted exertions. Often as he had been in love before, he had never felt the same symptoms as during the past twenty-four hours—a general sense of illness, a slight stiffness of the neck, and a sharp pain in his ears that he could explain only by the phrase "sick of love," which he had once heard and always vividly remembered. Combined with more familiar emotions awakened by Dorothy, these symptoms proved his condition; and even as he sang he thought of matrimony (which was another new symptom) and rubbed his ear gently.

But Dorothy was already in healthy slumber before he started—and when Dorothy Dodder went to sleep that was the end of her. Before Yellow Mustaches had reached the seventeenth verse, sleep ruled the hold. Everybody (for the pirates were used to him) sweetly, sweetly slept except the singer, the man at the wheel, and Dr. Dodder. And the more Dr. Dodder tried to sleep the less he was able. Even without an infatuated pirate on top of his cabin, Dr. Dodder had enough to keep him wakeful—his daughter, his chest, and his convalescent patient. He knew Dorothy well enough to realize that if she made up her mind to become a pirate's bride—and it now seemed to him as if she was tending in that unconventional direction—nothing could prevent her except violent action on the part of the chosen pirate. The chest worried him because he had observed an almost wolfish curiosity about it on the part of his hosts and knew by recent experience the effect of its contents, blue, black, gray, and hazel, on other ignorant and superstitious seamen. Bald Head worried him because he was getting well, for the medicine chest, although none of these brave but illiterate men had been able to use it, contained a book in which the



A solitary eye gazed thoughtfully up at him

(Continued on page 28)





*The First of a Series of Four Articles on Secret Police Work*

## I.—Police and Detectives

### The Specialists

Thus, for example, there are men in the detective

### The Real Detective

The real detective is the one who, taking up the solution of a crime or other mystery, brings to bear upon it *unusual* powers of observation and deduction and an exceptional resourcefulness in acting upon his conclusions. Frankly, I have known very few such, although for some ten years I have made use of a large number of so-called detectives in both public and private matters. As I recall the long line of cases where these men have rendered service of great value, almost every one resolves itself into a successful piece of mere spying or trailing. Little ingenuity or powers of reason were required. Of course, there are a thousand tricks that an experienced man acquires as a matter of course, but which at first sight seem almost like inspiration. I shall not forget my delight when Jesse Blocher, who had been trailing Charles Foster Dodge through the South (when the latter was wanted as the chief

### Brains No Requisite

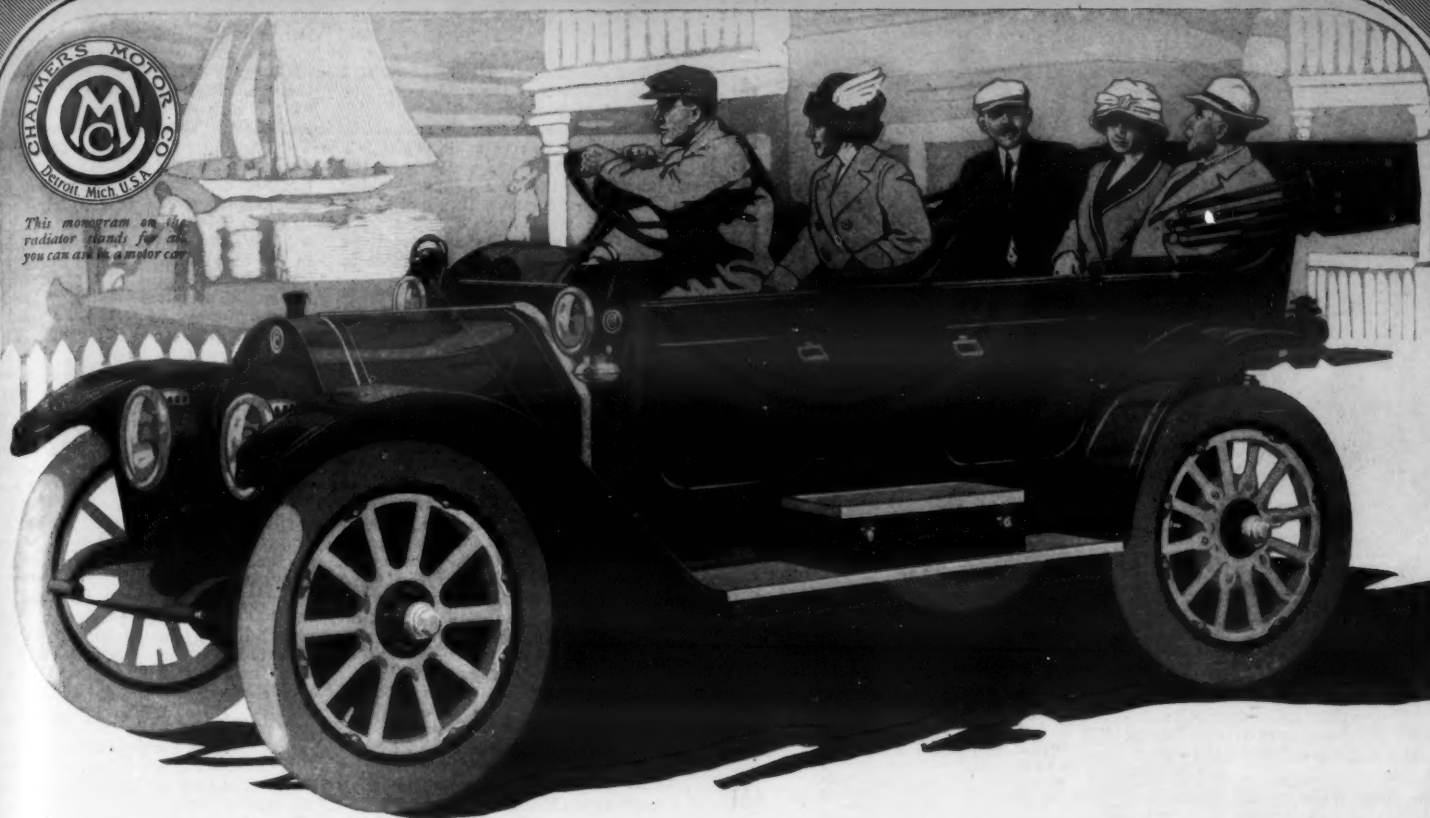
### *The Able and the Incapable*

THE fundamental reason why it is so hard to form any just opinion of detectives in general is that (except by their fruits) there is little opportunity to discriminate between the able and the incapable. Now the more difficult and complicated his task the less likely is the sleuth (honest or otherwise) to succeed. The chances are a good deal more than even that he will never solve the mystery for which he is engaged. Thus at the end of three months you will have only his reports and his bill—which are poor comfort, to say the least. And yet he may have really worked eighteen hours per day in your service. But a dishonest detective has only to disappear (and take his case for the same period) and send you *his* reports and *his* bill—and you will have only his word for how much work he has done and how much money he has spent. You are absolutely in his





This monogram on the radiator stands for all you can ask in a motor car.



## This New, Big, Self-starting Chalmers "Thirty-six"—\$1800

**T**HINK of a new, high powered Chalmers car with a Self-starter as regular equipment—for \$1800! No more cranking, no more bother. Just push a button on the dash with your foot, and away goes your motor.

That isn't all. This car has a long stroke motor ( $4\frac{1}{4} \times 5\frac{1}{4}$ ", developing 36 to 40 h. p.); four forward speed transmission; Eosch dual ignition; 36-inch by 4-inch tires; Continental demountable rims; Mercedes type honeycomb radiator; dash adjustment for carburetor.

Furthermore this car has bigness, strength, proved durability, beauty, fine finish, comfort. Still further, it is a Chalmers car. On the radiator is the famous blue and white monogram.

And the price, including all these unusual features of value, is \$1800.

A man from the back country, at the circus for the first time, viewed in amazement the giraffe. After looking the animal over for some time and inquiring if it had a name, he turned shruggingly away saying, "There ain't no such animal."

Many motorists, hearing of the Chalmers "Thirty-six" for the first time, then learning the price, have felt much the same way.

But they are wrong. There really is such a car as the Chalmers "Thirty-six," with the features named above—for \$1800.

You can see this car now at our dealer's store near you. And it will look better to you there than it does in this advertisement. See it. Ride in it. Place your order as early as you can because there is sure to be an over-demand.

### A Car for the Many

This is an ideal car realized. A car perfectly adapted to the needs of the average user. The long stroke motor gives all the power and speed you can want, without useless burning of gasoline. The four forward speed transmission gives perfect flexibility for hills, sand, traffic and straightaway. Big

tires, 36-inch by 4-inch, give riding ease and insure low tire upkeep bills.

The "Thirty-six" is heavy where weight means maximum strength, but there is no useless weight. We claim that this car is lighter than any other car of the same power, roominess and strength, and that it is stronger than any other car of the same weight.

This car overcomes the inconveniences of all preceding cars. The Chalmers Self-starter, air pressure type, does away with the trouble of cranking. Big tires and Continental Demountable rims rob punctures of their terrors.

### Given Severe Tests

While the "Thirty-six" has every up-to-the-minute improvement, still there is not a single untried principle or part in its makeup. In November, 1910, we started three of these cars on the road to test them—one in the mountains of Pennsylvania, one in the sands and heat of Florida, and one in the varied conditions of the Middle West. They were run an average of 10,000 miles each before we O. K'd the model for manufacture.

Here is a big car—big radiator—big hood—big wheels and tires—big body with big roomy seats—big, strong frame—big axles—big all over, and yet it isn't a cumbersome, costly upkeep car.

Not only has this car all of these unusual features of construction and convenience, but with them it has beauty. It is a *fine* car.

### Compare With Many Cars

There are bigger cars than the "Thirty-six" and smaller ones. Cars of more power and of less. Heavier cars, lighter cars. There are higher priced cars and lower priced cars. And yet we ask you to consider this car on the basis that it is the most nearly ideal car, for the average user, of all that are made.

Take the size, the power, the conveniences, the construction, the comfort, the beauty and the price into consideration in comparison with the same features on all other cars, and see if you do not conclude that in the Chalmers "Thirty-six" we have come most nearly to realizing the ideal car for the greatest number of people.

### A Vote of Confidence

Public announcement of this car was first made on July 6th. Prior to that date, dealers had signed contracts for all we can make. They were anxious to sign up for twice the number, but we had to allot just so many to each territory. Since our announcement appeared, the Sales Department has received requests from more than two hundred other dealers, asking for the privilege of handling the Chalmers line in their section.

We asked dealers this year for exclusive representation for Chalmers cars in their price classes. Not one dealer was unwilling to grant this request, dozens of them giving up other lines in order to hold the Chalmers. The vote of confidence which experienced dealers have given this new Chalmers car is one of the best possible guides for the individual buyer.

### 847 Orders Already

At the time this advertisement is written, no dealers have "Thirty-six" cars to show, yet we have on our books orders for immediate shipment of 847 cars.

Hundreds of people said, "It is a Chalmers and it is guaranteed. That's enough for me"—and they placed orders.

### "30" Fully Equipped, \$1500

The Chalmers "30" and Chalmers "Forty" are continued for 1912 and offer greater values than ever before because of the improved methods of manufacture and added equipment. The "30" sells for \$1500, including magneto, gas lamps, Prest-O-Lite tank, Chalmers mohair top, and automatic windshield. Last year this car so equipped brought \$1750. The "Forty" sells for \$2750, including the same complete equipment.

More than a year ago, as the heading of an advertisement, we used an expression which was frequently heard in automobile trade circles: "This is Another Chalmers Year." It was true then, and we repeat it now, for it is more apparently true now than in any other year. "This is another Chalmers year."

1912 catalog will be mailed on request.

## Chalmers Motor Company, Detroit, Mich.



# Tarvia

Preserves Roads  
Prevents Dust



Eighth St., Traverse City, Mich. Constructed with Tarvia X

## Tarvia In Traverse City

THE problem of finding an inexpensive, clean, dustless paving for streets of small cities has been solved by the development of tarviated macadam. This differs from ordinary macadam in that the voids of the roadway are filled with a matrix of Tarvia, a tough waterproof coal tar product.

Tarviated macadam costs but little more than ordinary macadam, and costs no more in the end because the Tarvia treatment reduces maintenance expense. Its plasticity makes it exceedingly quiet. Automobile traffic does not damage the surface, but, in fact, makes it smoother.

Traverse City, Michigan, one of whose streets is illustrated above, is

one of the towns which has found tarviated macadam to be the best and most economical solution of the paving problem.

On February 7, 1911, Mr. E. Wilhelm, The Mayor, wrote as follows:

"We have used Tarvia in paving a number of our streets, with very satisfactory results. When properly laid, a smooth, elastic surface is produced and I believe that it is equally as durable as some of the more expensive kinds."

Booklets regarding Tarvia will be sent free on request. Every property owner who suffers from the dust nuisance or from high road taxes, should know about this new type of roadway.

### BARRETT MANUFACTURING COMPANY

New York Chicago Philadelphia Boston St. Louis Cleveland Pittsburgh  
Cincinnati Kansas City Minneapolis New Orleans Seattle London, Eng.  
Canadian Offices:—Montreal Toronto Winnipeg Vancouver St. John, N. B. Halifax, N. S.



to watch him. Consequently there is no class in the world where the temptation to dishonesty is greater than among detectives—not even among plumbers, cabmen, butchers, and lawyers. (God knows the peril of all of these!) This, too, is, I fancy, the reason that the evidence of the police detective is received with so much suspicion by jurymen—they know that the only way for him to retain his position is by making a record and getting convictions, and hence they are always looking for jobs and frame-ups. If a police detective doesn't make arrests and send a man to jail every once in a while there is no conclusive way for his superiors to be sure he isn't loafing.

### The Agencies

THERE are a very large number of persons who go into the detective business for the same reason that others enter the ministry—they can't make a living at anything else. Provided he has squint eyes and a dark complexion, almost anybody feels that he is qualified to unravel the tangled threads of crime. The first resource of the superannuated or discharged police detective is to start an agency. Of course, he may be first-class in spite of these disqualifications, but the presumption in the first instance is that he is no longer alert or effective, and in the second that in one way or another he is not honest. Agencies recruited from deposed and other ex-policemen usually have all the faults of the police without any of their virtues. There are many small agencies which do reliable work, and there are a number of private detectives in all the big cities who work single-handed and achieve excellent results. However, if he expects to accomplish anything by hiring detectives, the layman or lawyer must first make sure of his agency or his man.

One other feature of the detective business should not be overlooked. In addition to charging for services not actually rendered and expenses not actually incurred, there is in many cases a strong temptation to betray the interests of the employer. A private detective may, and usually does, become possessed of information even more valuable to the person who is being watched than to the person to whom he owes his allegiance. Unreliable rascals constantly sell out to the other side and play both ends against the middle. In this they resemble some of the famous diplomatic agents of history. And police detectives employed to run down criminals and protect society have been known instead to act as stalls for bank burglars and (for a consideration), to assist them to dispose of their booty and protect them from arrest and capture. It has repeatedly happened that reliable private detectives have discovered that the police employed upon the same case have in reality been tipping off the criminals as to what was being done, and coaching them as to their conduct. Of course the natural jealousy existing between official and unofficial agents of the law leads to a good many unfounded accusations of this character, but, on the other hand, the fact that much of the most effective police work is done by employing professional criminals to secure information and act as stool-pigeons often results in a definite understanding that the latter shall be themselves protected in the quiet enjoyment of their labors. The relations of the regular police to crime, however, and the general subject of police graft have little place in an article of this character.

### To Hire or Not to Hire

THE first question that usually arises is whether a detective shall or shall not be employed at all in any particular case. Usually the most important thing is to find out what the real character, past, and associations of some particular individual may be. Well-established detective agencies with offices throughout the country are naturally in a better position to acquire such information quickly than the private individual or lawyer, since they are on the spot and have an organized staff containing the right sort of men for the work. If the information lies in your own city you can probably hire some one to get it or ferret it out yourself quite as well, and much more cheaply, than by employing their services. The leads are few and generally simple. The subject's past employers and business associates, his landlords and landladies, his friends and enemies, and his milkman must be run down and interrogated. Perhaps his personal movements must be watched. Any intelligent fellow who is out of a job will do this for you for about \$5 per day and expenses. The agencies usually charge from \$6 to \$8 (and up), and prefer two men to one, as a matter of convenience and to make sure that the subject is fully covered. If the suspect is on the move and trains or steamships must be met, you have practically no choice but to employ a national

and equipment for the work. In an emergency, organization counts more than anything else. Where time is of the essence the individual has no opportunity to hire his own men or start an organization of his own. But if the matter is one where there is plenty of leisure to act, you can usually do your own detective work better and cheaper than any one else.

Regarding the work of the detective as a spy (which probably constitutes seventy-five per cent of his employment to-day), few persons realize how widely such services are being utilized. The insignificant old Irish woman who stumbles against you in the department store is possibly watching with her cloudy but eagle eye for shoplifters. The tired-looking man on the street-car may, in fact, be a professional "spotter." The stout youth with the pince nez who is examining the wedding presents is perhaps a central office man. All this you know or may suspect. But you are not so likely to be aware that the floor-walker himself is the agent of a rival concern placed in the department store to keep track, not only of prices but of whether or not the wholesalers are living up to their agreements in regard to the furnishing of particular kinds of goods only to one house; or that the conductor on the car is a paid detective of the company, whose principal duty is not to collect fares but to report the doings of the unions; or that the gentleman who is accidentally introduced to you at the wedding breakfast is employed by a board of directors to get a line on your host's business associates and social companions.

### Confederates on the Pay-Rolls

IN the great struggle between capital and labor, each side has expended large sums of money in employing confederates to secure secret information as to the plans and doings of the enemy. Almost every labor union has its Judas, and many a secretary to a capitalist is in the secret employment of a labor union. The railroad must be kept informed of what is going on, and, if necessary, they import a man from another part of the country to join the local organization. Often such men, on account of their force and intelligence, are elected to high office in the brotherhoods whose secrets they are hired to betray. Practically every big manufacturing plant in the United States has on its pay-rolls men acting as engineers, foremen, or laborers who are drawing from \$80 to \$100 per month as detectives either (1) to keep their employers informed as to the workings of the labor unions, (2) to report to the directors the actual conduct of the business by its salaried officers, superintendents, and overseers, or (3) to ascertain and report to outside competing concerns the methods and processes made use of, the materials utilized, and the exact cost of production.

There are detectives among the chambermaids and bellboys in the hotels, and also among the guests; there are detectives on the passenger lists and in the cardrooms of the Atlantic liners; the colored porter on the private car, the butler at your friend's house, the chorus girl on Broadway, the clerk in the law office, the employee in the commercial agency, may all be drawing pay in the interest of some one else, who may be either a transportation company, a stock-broker, a rival financier, a yellow newspaper, an injured or even an erring wife, a grievance committee, or a competing concern; and the duties of these persons may and will range from the theft of mailing-lists, books and papers, and (in the case of the newspaper) of private letters, up to genuine detective work requiring some real ability. Apart from the hired thieves above referred to, some yellow journals employ men to work upon the various "mystery stories" that from time to time arouse the attention of the public who often accomplish as good results as the police. I should, however, place one limitation upon this general statement, which is that, as the object of the newspaper is usually quite as much to keep the story alive as to solve the mystery, the papers are apt to find startling significance in details of slight importance. While we are speaking of newspapers, it may not be out of place to suggest that their activity is such that there are few general evils left undisclosed and few prominent men, the privacy of whose lives is not known in the editorial rooms. When lurid tales are told of the secret doings of Mr. So and So and the Hon. This and That, you may rest assured that the greater desirability of those yarns as copy for the big dailies, the less likely they are to have any foundation in fact. The eye of the city editor is in every place discerning the evil if not the good. Indeed, it is almost unnecessary for the papers to hire spies, since self-constituted ones are ready at any moment to bargain with them for stolen goods and ruined reputations.

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Package  
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Finger  
Prints  
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Handkerchief

Goods in sealed packages are free from contamination. The trade mark

## SEALPACKERCHIEF

protects you by compelling us to give quality and value and we do it.

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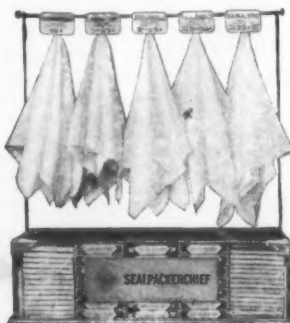
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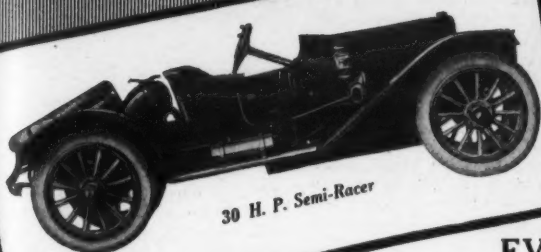


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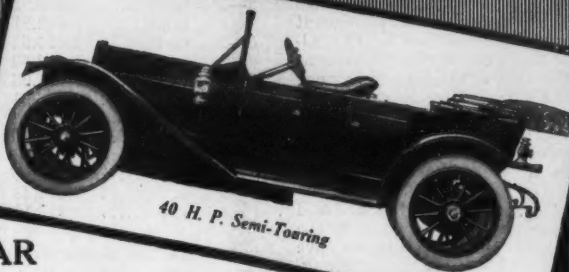


60 H. P. KISSELKAR, "Six" \$3000 (Fully Equipped)



30 H. P. Semi-Racer

1912



40 H. P. Semi-Touring

EVERY INCH A CAR

# KISSELKAR

Features that are different—that mean greater motoring pleasure, as well as economy in purchase price and operation—1912 models ready

**T**HE most you can pay for any open body KisselKar, completely equipped, is \$3000.

Yet, even if you have had in mind paying as much as four or five thousand dollars for a car, first see the KisselKar—ride in a KisselKar—*inquire* about a KisselKar.

You will find in the KisselKar all the attractiveness of design, all the comfort, silence, refinements, roominess, and luxury essential to a superior car, and 100% motoring pleasure.

6 cyl.	60 H. P.	\$3000
4 "	50 H. P.	\$2350
4 "	40 H. P.	\$1850
4 "	30 H. P.	\$1500

Except the "Thirty," which is equipped "regular," all KisselKar prices include full equipment, lamps, tops, glass fronts, fairs, shock absorbers, speedometer, and all the other accessories essential to a perfectly equipped car. Nothing to buy separately.

## KisselKar Trucks

KisselKar Trucks have made records for fuel economy and dependability. 5 ton, 4 ton, 3 ton, 1½ to 2 ton Trucks, Delivery Wagons, Ambulances, Fire Chemicals, Omnibuses, etc., all have reserve horsepower and strength to handle excess loads in emergency. The KisselKar lock on the differential of heavy duty trucks makes them dependable on roads that would stall a truck without it.

### The 60 H. P. "Six" (fully equipped) \$3000

You may have had in mind paying as much as three thousand or more for a four cylinder car, but why a "Four" when the roomier, higher powered, more aristocratic KisselKar "Six" sells for approximately the same price, and the easy riding and general supremacy of a "Six" are undisputed. The KisselKar "Six" is the unique value in the history of the entire industry. It is built with the straight line, fore-door effect, has 132 in. wheel base, 37x5 in. tires and in both the seven passenger Touring body, or four and five passenger Semi-touring body is generously commodious in both forward and rear compartments. In every specification and appointment it belongs to the superior type of automobile.

#### Semi-Touring Body

This is a body unique with the KisselKar line. It is a modification of the Touring body and an elaboration of the

standard Baby Tonneau body, combining the advantages of both. It effects tire and fuel economy, which is the object of the Baby Tonneau, but it is liberally roomy instead of "pinched for room" in the forward compartment. Exceedingly roomy for four passengers, not overcrowded for five, light and handy to drive. It is the most ideal type of body yet developed for combined pleasure and business service. The Semi-Racer is not a racing car in any sense, but a two passenger business run-about built on snappy, semi-racer lines.

#### Comfort—Appearance

The prepossessing appearance and distinction of 1912 KisselKars are shared only by a few of the costlier cars. The extra liberal wheel base, big wheels, big tires and special spring resiliency characteristic of every KisselKar afford a buoyant riding quality so rare that it belongs to the KisselKar almost exclusively.

## WRITE FOR ILLUSTRATED PORTFOLIO

The 1912 KisselKar Portfolio completely illustrates and describes the entire 1912 KisselKar pleasure models and commercial cars and trucks. It is one of the most comprehensive automobile books ever published. It will give you a new standard by which to judge automobile values. It is free of course. Write for it, but the main thing is to see a KisselKar—ride in it—*inquire* about it.

Branches in leading cities throughout the United States

**KISSEL MOTOR CAR COMPANY**  
203 KISSEL AVE. HARTFORD, WIS.





# The Average Man's Money

## A Page for Investors

### The Small Investor

UNDER the above heading the St. Louis "Star" commented the other day on the suggestion, made on this page in the issue of July 1 by E. C. Simmons, that a better understanding of corporations will follow more general investment in their securities. This suggestion the "Star" enlarges:

"Such investment would be a good business move, without regard to the matter of its psychological effect. Savings-banks are not intended as places for permanent investment, but as accumulators. It is always desirable, when a savings account reaches a good figure, to place the money safely in some place where it would have greater earning power. Good bonds supply this investment."

"Undoubtedly, a general movement of that kind would result in a changed mental attitude. . . . The holding of Government bonds by the people of France is said to be one of the strongest supports to the Government. National savings-banks have the same effect. This is one of the strongest arguments advanced to support our new postal savings-bank system."

"Mr. Simmons suggests that large corporations issuing bonds issue them in sums as small as \$100, to make investment of small savings accounts in them practicable. This would be desirable, not alone because of any effect such investment might have on the general mental attitude of the people toward corporations, but because such an investment would be a good one for the small investors themselves."

### To Yield About 5 Per Cent

SECURITIES named below are offered for sale in current circulars issued by reputable, established houses. Any banker anywhere in the country can put an investor in touch with them:

	To Yield
Chinese Govt. Ry. gold 5s, due 1951	4.95
Kansas City, Ft. Scott & Memphis Ry. ref. 4s, due 1936	5.40
Erie Ry. coll. 6% notes, due 1914	5.60
Erie Ry. gen. 4s, due 1904	5.05
Missouri Pacific 5% notes, due 1914	5.50
Chicago Gas Light & Coke Co. 5s, due 1937	4.80
Chicago Ry. Co. 1st mort. gold 5s, due 1927	5.00
St. Louis Southwestern 1st gold 5s, due 1940	5.15
Chicago Great Western 1st gold 4s, due 1959	4.75
M., K. & T. RR. Co. 1st & ref. gold 4s, due 2004	4.90
City of Salt Lake 6% special tax coupon warrants, serial maturity over ten years	5.80
Jones & Laughlin Steel Co. 1st gold 5s, due 1939 (free of tax in Pennsylvania)	4.85
Houston, Tex., Belt & Terminal 1st 5s, due 1937	4.92
Western States Gas & Electric Co. 1st & ref. 5s, due 1941	5.50
Ky. Traction & Terminal Co. 1st & ref. 5s, due 1951	5.35
Union Oil Co. 1st sinking fund 5s, due 1931	5.75
Columbia (S. C.) Ry., Gas & Electric Co. 1st gold 5s, due 1936	5.45
Waco (Tex.) St. Ry. 1st 6s, due 1916	6.00
Montgomery (Ala.) Street Imp. 5s, due 1921	4.60
Oklahoma City Imp. 5s, due 1935	4.70
Chi., R. I. & Pac. (old) Co. 1st 4 1/2s, due 1941	4.90
Seaboard Air Line ref. 4s, due 1959	4.90
Omaha & Council Bluffs St. Ry. Co. 1st 5s, due 1928	5.25
Des Moines Electric Co. 1st 5s, due 1938	5.18

### Bonds vs. Savings-Bank

AN enthusiast about \$100 bonds has compiled a table showing the difference, in from one to twenty years, in the resources of one who saves from one to

ten dollars a week and puts the savings into 6 per cent \$100 bonds and one who goes to the savings-bank paying 3 per cent. Here is the comparison for the one who saves \$5 and \$10 a week:

Number of Years	\$5 a Week Saved	\$10 a Week Saved
1—3% savings	\$264.24	\$528.48
6% bonds	265.74	531.48
2—3% savings	536.47	1,072.93
6% bonds	546.44	1,095.64
3—3% savings	816.92	1,633.84
6% bonds	842.81	1,691.96
5—3% savings	1,403.51	2,825.83
6% bonds	1,493.69	2,998.74
8—3% savings	2,351.58	4,723.94
6% bonds	2,626.91	5,271.05
10—3% savings	3,032.34	6,086.55
6% bonds	3,505.30	7,025.91
15—3% savings	4,922.66	9,870.67
6% bonds	6,208.20	12,440.13
20—3% savings	7,116.46	14,262.37
6% bonds	9,839.12	19,717.06

### Securities for Nebraska

THE First National Bank of York, Nebraska, is to organize a trust company with the main purpose of selling standard securities throughout the State. The bank believes that the time is at hand when the people of Nebraska and of other Western States will incline to investments with a fixed income, combined with safety, rather than to speculative investments in

unimproved land, mining stocks, and wildcat schemes which have attracted their money to a great extent heretofore. Letters, circulars, and personal solicitation, explaining the desirability of buying good standard securities, which will insure safety of principal and a certain reasonable income from the money invested, will be the means used to interest investors.

More of this sort of pioneering ought to be done by the banks.

### Wildcat Bonds

A PESSIMISTIC gentleman, who does not sign his name to his criticism of "The Average Man's Money" department, asks this pertinent question: "Don't you know that we are coming into an era of bond swindling the like of which has not been seen since the mining swindle era?" He adds: "The suckers will not buy stocks any more, and they are to be sold bonds, and you are helping the game along."

As to the question: It is quite true that the wildcat promoters are very largely substituting bonds for stocks, because the public is becoming suspicious of stocks, and that these "bonds" are no better than stocks when the enterprise upon which they are issued is conceived in guile. On this page, however, bonds are understood to be mortgage obligations of companies with real assets sufficient to meet the in-

### N. W. Halsey, Investment Banker

By an Associate

N. W. HALSEY, founder and senior partner of the bond firm of N. W. Halsey & Co. of New York, Philadelphia, Chicago, and San Francisco, died on July 1 at the early age of fifty-four. Few men in the field of conservative investment had so perfect a training or so wide an experience with municipal, railroad, and public utility bonds. He was an expert in the valuation of such securities, and his career was marked by constructive work of a high order, tempered with rare conservatism.

Mr. Halsey practised law in Chicago until 1885, when he became associated with N. W. Harris & Co., and for about ten years was that firm's resident managing partner at the Wall Street office. After a time he withdrew to organize the firm of N. W. Halsey & Co., which grew so rapidly that in a comparatively short time his organization covered the bond markets of the country. He was a keen judge of men and built around him an organization of marked efficiency.

Mr. Halsey (while with N. W. Harris & Co.) was one of the first bond merchants successfully to introduce, on a permanent basis, Western municipal bonds into the East. He was among the first to cater seriously to the needs of individual investors, the first to send out bond salesmen on the road to call on buyers, and the first to advertise extensively along educational lines. Some of these things at the time of their inception were criticized by the ethical bankers, but his progressiveness, notwithstanding, was well rewarded.

Since that time other dealers have adopted his methods until to-day the traveling bond salesman is no longer a novelty, and the small investor can obtain as good service as the more important buyer. Mr. Halsey's support of the movement for educating the public concerning the principles of sound investment was loyal and enthusiastic—his support lent to the movement the needed momentum, and has been of far-reaching importance to the investing public. The constructive influence

for the good of the investing public resulting from the editorial work of such high-class publications as COLLIER'S he believed in thoroughly. He wanted to give as wide publicity as possible to the principles of sound investment.

His organization inspired confidence in the minds of investors, a confidence that was the wonder of some other dealers, and which was based primarily on the conservatism of his recommendations. It was a true statement of fact that from the day his firm was organized to the day of his death no client had lost a dollar through default of bonds recommended by him. It is said of him that he would never recommend to any one the purchase of a security in which he did not have absolute faith; more than that, his faith was invariably based on careful analysis of information which he had reason to regard as reliable. The purchases by his own firm, particularly of public utility bonds regarding which accurate information is difficult to secure, were based on investigations of experts retained for the purpose. If he decided a bond was not safe or could not be made safe he would not consider its purchase.

At the time of the Galveston flood Mr. Halsey was made chairman of the Bondholders' Committee. The work of this committee protected the bondholders, and was a large influence in the rebuilding of Galveston along lines which it is believed makes a repetition of the former disaster impossible, and has given to the city a credit she never before enjoyed.

Mr. Halsey's faith in California has meant much to that State. Some of California's most important public service corporations, in behalf of which his organization marketed many million dollars' worth of bonds, during the past ten years, owe their prosperity, in large measure, to his counsel and banking facilities.

Mr. Halsey personified all that "The Average Man's Money" page of COLLIER'S stands for.

Ⓢ The venturesome, the superficial, the inexperienced, or those who, for the sake of large profits, are willing to take chances, are foredoomed to failure if they essay the difficult pursuit of investment banking.—From a Halsey bond circular.

debtedness. Stocks, as has been repeatedly pointed out here, merely represent the equity of the owners in the assets of a company after bondholders, or holders of the mortgage obligations, are paid. Of course, if there is no bond issue, the stockholders have first call on the company's assets.

### A Victim Asks Questions

HERE is a copy of a letter sent recently by a West Virginia man to the Sterling Debenture Corporation. It is a model of its kind. It should be widely copied by investors who are asked to main on the "sucker list" indefinitely:

"I am in receipt of your circular letter of recent date in which you try to induce me to invest some money in the stock of Eaton & Gettinger—which stock, of course you sell. I am very sorry to say that I did buy some Telegraphone stock from you at \$10 per share, which I could just as well have bought for \$1.50, I expect, and been better off without it then. Since the purchase of the Telegraphone stock you have tried to induce me to buy stock of the Telepost, Oxford Linen Mills, and a lot of other stock of like character and standing. I guess I must be less of a fool than I was because I have not bought anything more from you.

"Now is Telegraphone worth anything? If so, where can I sell it and for what price? The price that I would get for it would, no doubt, be less than the \$2.50 thereabouts that you paid for it when you underwrote it.

"Is the Telegraphone Company doing any good? If so, what and how much? I mean for the stockholders—not stock jobbers. If you can not give me reliable answers to the above questions who would you recommend me to? The Postmaster General?

"Awaiting your prompt reply, I am,  
Very truly yours,  
A. B. H."

### The Way of a Promoter

EDITOR "THE AVERAGE MAN'S MONEY":

SIR—I am immune now from the sting of the promoter. The reason is the recollection of the first investment I ever made in stocks. I was living in a town down in Illinois. A German named Hardey was living there at the time; he had worked in one of the factories, and went to church occasionally. He made friends with the pastor, and greatly interested him in a new and secret method for converting iron or bessemer into fine tool steel by a cheap and quick process. The preacher interested a few of us and we formed a stock company, small but select. The board of directors and—also, I think—all the stockholders we had at that time comprised a preacher, a lawyer, a dentist, a court stenographer, and the inventor himself. We were all prospective millionaires; Andrew Carnegie would have nothing on us—in a short time. Our inventor would not patent his process, but he wrote it out in full and it was deposited in a vault.

Well, when it came to the test, we burned up a lot of fuel oil, but didn't get anywhere. Our steel didn't seem to pan out right, somehow! Too much carbon or too little—I forget which.

Some of the men in the company finally interested some men over in an Indiana town, which was more than we could do in our town, and so Illinois lost the great steel industry. Indiana, however, didn't seem to agree with our company any better than Illinois, and it went from bad to worse. Then one day the inventor turned up missing, and the fat was in the fire. I believe we were all fairly intelligent and educated men, but we fell for it—like a lot of ignorant easy marks. I wonder if there have been any more similar steel companies organized in any other sections of the country?  
A. M. H.  
Chicago, Ill.



## Four Days at Home

(Concluded from page 18)

eggs, chipped beef, tomatoes, cucumbers, lettuce, peaches, cantaloup, coffee, tea, and five cents' worth of ice to be delivered every day.

I live in a semistudio, the entire top floor of an old-fashioned square house, with windows on every side, breezes straying in from one direction or another at all times from the ocean, East River, or the Hudson. The dining-room is done in wood colors, and into this I dragged a big green Morris chair, willow rocker, and bamboo stool. The den adjoining is done in green already, so in the dining-room I hung some old, cool, green curtains, covered all the gas-jets and drop light with green crepe paper; also covering the fern pots, which were placed on low shelves in the two windows overlooking the park.

All of the other rooms were closed and darkened, not to be entered for four days. When camping people do not have pianos, fancy-work, mending, dusting, and so on, to do, and there were great temptations in those shut-off rooms.

By ten o'clock all arrangements were completed, even to the card on the door: "Gone Camping"; then a plunge into a sample of the Atlantic Ocean made from common water and sea salt, and I was ready to begin doing nothing.

THOSE who have all of their time, or the whole summer out of every year, to do as they please, go where they like, sleep, work, or rest, and have the means by which they can get away from friends and forget enemies, have no idea what it means to have only four days out of the three hundred and sixty-five, and be compelled to spend those where you had spent the other three hundred and sixty-one. Moreover, have to lock your door and put a fib on it to even have those to yourself.

The tired, jerking nerves and muscles allowed little sleep on Saturday night, and Sunday was spent idly lying about reading, dozing, watching the people on the streets, and listening to the music in the Church of the Strangers.

Sunday night, with windows wide open, I slept fourteen hours soundly and dreamlessly, awakened by the loud calls of Chillowee, a pet canary, who wanted his bath.

There was such a feeling of comfort to know there was no dressing and going out to be done. After a breakfast of crispy bacon, hot rolls, and delicious coffee, loitered over, and shared with the tiny companion perched on the back of my chair. I felt the utter fatigue beginning to break.

CHILLOWEE was having a vacation also; his door stood wide open, much to his surprise and delight, and he shrieked defiance as he flew in and out to show that he was free, and came over to nibble a bit of melon, bread, or sugar, surreptitiously giving the fingers that held it a nip, the black eyes fairly twinkling with gay good humor at the situation.

He made greatly interested method for into fine too process. The us and will but select so. I think at that time, a dentist the inventor tive million I have not Our inventor but he wrote posited in the test, we didn't get seem to pass much carbon

pany finally an Indian could do it at the great ever, didn't any better from bad to the inventor in the fire. intelligent and it—like a lo under if there steel com sections of A. M. H.

ber 1; and while we anticipate an even greater response to this contest than to those of the past three years, every manuscript will be carefully read by the judges, and the prizes will be announced before the end of the year. Contributors are urged not to roll their manuscripts and, if it is possible, to have them typewritten. We are especially anxious to secure a few good photographs in connection with each manuscript. On its back every photograph should be described and the name and address of the sender should also be written. The article and the photographs should be sent in the same envelope and should be addressed to the Vacation Editor, COLLIER'S, 416 West 13th Street, New York City. The manuscripts MUST be limited to one thousand words.

ON page 16 of this issue we are printing the two prize-winning letters in the Vacation Contest announced in COLLIER'S of July 9, 1910. Six other vacation experiences, selected from among the manuscripts submitted, also appear in this issue. There were many other interesting stories of unusual and profitable outings which we were obliged to return to the authors because of our inability to make room for them.

We are repeating our prize offer for another contest under the same conditions as the one held last year. One hundred dollars will be paid for the best manuscript of a thousand words or less, describing an actual vacation experience; \$50 will be the second prize, and \$25 will go to the writer of every other manuscript we accept. Contributions must be mailed before Novem-

On Monday afternoon a delightful thunderstorm arose from the northeast, straight in front of me and my Morris chair, and without moving I could see the clouds roll up, the rattle of the drops on the window, the settling of the dust in the street, people running to shelter, the lightning flashes, and later the rainbow spread across the sky with its dimmer twin and the soft illumination between; finally, the fading away of all the clouds and a dull rumble in the south was all that was left.

THE whole performance was evidently intended for the shut-in, who out of many thousands that day had the time to sit quietly and watch the moving picture with music. The ferns had been out in the rain, and were now beginning to show appreciation of the attention by unrolling new fronds, while Chillowee sang madly to drown the noise of the thunder.

Later I had the selfish pleasure of seeing tired, perspiring, bedraggled people trudging homeward in hot shoes and hats to a boarding-house supper, probably an hour or two on a dusty doorstep, and rather pitied them.

At twilight the chicken, with a last despairing demand that his door must not be closed after him if he went in for the night, preened his feathers and tucked his head under his tired wings. After another salt bath, his mistress followed his example and slept twelve hours.

Tuesday morning, after another perfect breakfast, eaten with the slow deliberation of one with nothing else to do, I felt like doing something besides read and sleep.

SOME one had given me a voluminous, old-fashioned, soft silk gown, which I had long wanted made up into a house gown; it was soft greens, grays, and pinks, the sort of thing one likes to look at.

This was brought out, and with the aid of Chillowee, who insisted on pulling at the threads and wadding them up in his bill, no matter how much he was shoo'd off, was made up into a most becoming gown, all being done in the odd hours of two days and no expense. There was a satisfactory feeling that something had been accomplished, and absence of occupation is not always rest.

Q. E. D.—With only four days, alone with the exception of the cheery, responsive little feathered companion, who never quarrels or finds fault, dressed in moccasins, kimono, and hair in a pigtail, perfect quiet, long nights (with no crawley things), iced drinks (no flies), cool salads (without bugs), good fresh bread and rolls (not dried-up sandwiches peppered with dust), ice-cold melon (no gnats), green things, shade and breezes, to use a new expression, I "came back," the non-outing a success, even if I did have to do my camping where mosquitoes did not bite and flies and bugs get in the butter.

## Another Vacation Prize Contest

First Prize \$100 : : : Second Prize \$50

All Other Accepted Manuscripts \$25

Do This—  
Watch the  
ink scoot  
down

That's Why  
it Won't Leak

THE inside of a fountain pen, sitting point up, consists of a tiny feed tube running from pen point straight down into a space of air. Below the air is the ink.

In an ordinary fountain pen ink stays in the feed tube even when the pen is point up.

The body heats the air in the air space. Then the warm air expands, pushes up through the feed tube, pushes out the ink hanging there, pushes it out over the writing end of the pen. Result, the writer's fingers are smeared when he removes the cap to write.

The Parker Fountain Pen has abolished leaking by curving the feed tube over against the inside wall of the barrel. The touching of the end of the tube to the wall sucks the tube empty the instant you set the pen in your pocket. So no ink is forced out when the warm air expands through the tube.

This suction is caused by capillary attraction, that peculiar Force of Nature which makes a dandelion stem suck water, or a lamp wick suck oil, or a lump of sugar suck coffee.

Unscrew any Parker Fountain Pen; fill the feed tube with ink; touch the "Lucky Curve" to the barrel wall, as in above picture; watch the ink scoot down, and thus prove to yourself that there is no ink to leak out and no chance to smear your fingers.

There's never a hitch or skip in flow of ink from a Parker Pen. Made in Self-filling, Safety, and Standard styles; plain, gold or silver mounted; 14-K gold pen, iridium point; prices \$1.50 to \$2.50. The only pocket clip that recedes out of the way when you slip cap off to write.

Address, The Parker Pen Company, 98 Mill Street, Janesville, Wis. The New York Retail Store is at 11 Park Row and Broadway, opposite the Post Office

PARKER LUCKY CURVE  
FOUNTAIN PEN

## FIRST MORTGAGE BONDS

### How to Test Them:

For more than 29 years the HOUSE OF STRAUS has been gathering the investment experience which is now offered to you without cost or obligation.

If you have \$100 or more now lying idle or drawing only the usual 2 to 3 per cent interest, you are entitled to a more substantial earning on your money.

And there are a number of opportunities to enjoy the maximum 6% interest rate with security and protection equal to or better than that any modern savings bank could possibly offer. This data is now

Placed at Your Disposal  
Absolutely Without Cost

During 29 years of business in the sale of first mortgage bonds on improved, income-producing, selected Chicago real estate, with a margin of security in no case less than 100 per cent, no investor has ever lost a dollar of principal or interest on securities purchased of us.

If you have \$100 or more for which you seek a 6% investment that is quickly convertible and entitled to our repurchase proposition at any time, we will gladly send you without expense the Investor's Magazine—a dependable and highly valuable investment guide, which every conservative investor should write for. Address Dept. 328.

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The only paper made with sole reference to the requirements of the average amateur negative.

Make the most of your vacation negatives. Print them or have them printed on Velox.

The Velox Book, free at your dealers or by mail, tells how to handle Velox and all about the wide variety of surfaces and qualities.

NEPERA DIVISION,  
EASTMAN KODAK CO.,  
Rochester, N. Y.

Auto Owners "New Era Elastic Black Enamel" gives gun metal finish to lamps and horns just like on all 1912 models. Dries without heat. Makes polishing unnecessary. Waterproof. Send 25 cents for large can. Dealers wanted. New Era Lustr Co., 91 Water Street, New Haven, Conn.





## Fire Fighting and Telephoning

Both Need Team Work, Modern Tools  
and an Ever Ready Plant, Everywhere

Twenty men with twenty buckets can put out a small fire if each man works by himself.

If twenty men form a line and pass the buckets from hand to hand, they can put out a larger fire. But the same twenty men on the brakes of a "hand tub" can force a continuous stream of water through a pipe so fast that the bucket brigade seems futile by comparison.

The modern firefighter has gone away beyond the "hand tub." Mechanics build a steam fire engine, miners dig coal to feed it, workmen build reservoirs and lay pipes so that each nozzle-man and engineer is worth a score of the old-fashioned firefighters.

The big tasks of today require not only team work but also modern tools and a vast system of supply and distribution.

The Bell telephone system is an example of co-operation between 75,000 stockholders, 120,000 employees and six million subscribers.

But to team work is added an up-to-date plant. Years of time and hundreds of millions of money have been put into the tools of the trade; into the building of a nation-wide network of lines; into the training of men and the working out of methods. The result is the Bell System of today—a union of men, money and machinery, to provide universal telephone service for ninety million people.

AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY  
AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

One Policy

One System

Universal Service

**CAMPING IN THE ROCKIES**

Colorado invites the toilers of the world to pitch their tents and spread their blankets under her clear blue skies, knowing that a few days or weeks spent in her health-giving atmosphere will add immeasurably to life.

**The Colorado & Southern Railway**

RAILROAD RATES TO AND FROM THE STATE ARE VERY LOW  
T. E. Fisher, Gen. Passenger Agent  
DENVER, COLORADO

Publishes some attractively illustrated booklets describing camp locations, summer cottages, tent accommodations, and hotels with rates to suit any purse or taste. A vacation may be spent in Colorado at no greater expense for living than at home.

SEND FOR FREE CATALOG

**Model 50 Straight Frame Union Repeating Shot Gun \$22.50**

Solid breech, 12 gauge hammerless take down; six-shot; positive safety—can be thrown off and trigger pulled with same movement of finger; genuine Krupp Steel barrel, any choke desired; stock best American Black Walnut, stock and handhold beautifully checkered; multi-groove full length top rib, giving perfectly straight line of sight over frame—takes glare off barrel; no breech block or slide plate to work back over hand, no projecting screws or parts to cause annoyance; penetration and shooting qualities guaranteed equal to any shot gun made. See this gun at your dealer's, if he hasn't it, write us mentioning his name. We will send it direct with privilege of examination. Drop a card for free catalog.

**THE UNION ARMS COMPANY, 614 Auburndale, Toledo, O., U. S. A.**

## His Idol's Eye

(Continued from page 21)

known diseases, with mumps under M, was arranged alphabetically—and once his patient was cured, the observant and well-read doctor knew that the best he could hope for was a choice between becoming a live pirate or a dead physician.

*Slowly th' night hours pass away  
While love is voicin' his roundelay,*

shouted the tender-heart on the roof of the cabin.

*Still is th' world from all alarms  
While I'm a-singin' my true love's charms.  
Succceet—lee sleecep! Succceet—lee sleecep!*

Dr. Dodder got up and stood struggling with an indignant temptation. Should he creep on deck, he asked himself; approach the unsuspecting musician from behind; and, with a sudden, precipitate, determined rush, one hand on collar and the other where breeches afford the surest handhold, shove him rapidly across the deck and over the bulwarks? In his mind's eye the doctor saw his victim sinking, sinking to depths from which no sound would ever be able to reach the surface, for it somehow seemed to him that, even if drowned, this thing on deck would still keep on going. The temptation was great, but the doctor resisted it. There was his own future to consider, his obvious duty to live as long as possible and carry the boon of the Eye to all who needed it. The Eye! Ah! if he could only do something to separate these foolish lovers—

DR. DODDER hesitated no longer. He tiptoed to Dorothy's curtain and parted it cautiously. In the dim light the girl slept peacefully, and beside her berth, neatly secured against capsizing by her own dainty shoes, stood a tumbler half full of water. The water mimicked the motion of the great sea outside, and something solid tumbled back and forth at the bottom.

*Over her slumber calm an' still,*

velled Yellow Mustaches with unmistakable determination.

*I allus watch—an' I allus will.*

*Soothin' her soul with slumberous song,  
Helpin' her dreams o' me along.*

*Succceet—lee sleecep! Succceet—lee sleecep!*

With a muttered curse, the treacherous father stooped over the tumbler, plunged his thumb and forefinger into the miniature ocean, and grappled the rolling object. Then he retreated with a quick, sly step, dropped the curtain, and stood triumphantly regarding what he had just captured. Between his cruel fingers it seemed to be looking at him reproachfully—one of those clear, translucent, tender blue eyes that had fascinated her sinful admirer.

Yellow Mustaches, as might have been predicted, slept late next morning and awoke with every symptom telling him he was more sick of love than ever. It hurt to bend his head in either direction. Getting up at all seemed rather an effort, until the thought that he would meet Miss Dodder at breakfast, which the pirates now took on deck, spurred him to activity. He sat up in his hammock and began curling his mustaches, but, try as he might, he could not make them hang with their usual perpendicular gracefulness. Ordinarily, looking down past his nose, the brave fellow could see their shimmer, but now, to his surprise and wonder, he saw only the rounded outline of his own cheeks. And, as a rule, his cheeks were not rounded! Despite the sickness of love, the gallant pirate jumped suspiciously out of his hammock and felt anxiously in his trousers pocket for the small mirror which he always kept there. Ah, Yellow Mustaches! love, if love it is, has changed you wonderfully!—for now your wicked cheeks seem stouter than a couple of innocent apples. And as a horrified oath leaped to his lips he found he articulated it with ominous difficulty.

ALL the happiness Yellow Mustaches had anticipated in meeting Dorothy at breakfast, and there reading in her bright blue eyes the joy she had taken in his serenade, vanished like a burst bubble. The fact that he seemed to be a boy again was no comfort, for a boy with long yellow mustaches is at best rather a terrifying object. He had seen Dorothy grin, and grinned in sympathy, at the weird face presented to his little world by Bald Head—and as this memory came to him, the sickening thought followed close on its heels that the symptoms of the previous day had not been altogether those of love, but partly of the same mysterious malady that afflicted his messmate. He heard the coarse but happy conversation of his com-

rades at breakfast, but listened in vain for Dorothy's vivacious accents. She, at least, he told himself, had noted his absence. Anxiety explained her silence. Soon she would send her father down to investigate.

At that thought Yellow Mustaches leaped into his trousers. There are, in any expert will tell you, degrees of intensity with which you may have the mumps. At the worst you may lie speechless in your little berth and be fed through a funnel; but the lighter attack, funny as you are to an unprejudiced observer and even funnier to a prejudiced one, still leaves you physical strength to dress in a hurry and peer cautiously over the edge of a hatch. Breakfast was finished. The entire blood-stained company stood at the after-rail idly watching a distant sail; and the two Dodders, father and daughter, were doubtless down in the cabin tempting the invalid to eat some breakfast.

YELLOW MUSTACHES took one more look at himself in the pocket mirror. There was no change for the better, but, although his head moved with difficulty, he otherwise felt nearly as well as ever. He was undoubtedly irritable, but that might be due to his situation as easily as to his disease. Creeping on hands and knees to the remains of the breakfast, he hastily filled his pockets with cold baked potato and sea biscuit; then he crept stealthily to the windward side of the vessel and climbed laboriously to the crow's-nest, a large hoghead fastened to the cross-tree. A moment later and the hoghead concealed him. Here he would stay, decided Yellow Mustaches, until he either died or resumed his normal proportions. Although he soon knew that his companions were anxiously seeking him, piracy had been abandoned until Bald Head's recovery, and he felt reasonably certain that none would think to go aloft and look for him in the hoghead.

Clumsy night had again fallen over the Atlantic Ocean when Yellow Mustaches trusted himself to peer cautiously over the edge of his saving hoghead. Except for the man at the wheel, the deck was empty. A light shone from the hold and another from the cabin. And now that the smoke could not betray him, he lit his pipe and again examined his distressing situation.

What amazed Yellow Mustaches was that he was as well as he was. Judging by the pocket mirror, he ought to feel very much worse. He felt, in fact, almost himself, except that there was too much of him, and the thoughtful fellow could not help wondering where the surplus came from. But this was beside the question: the thing now was to get rid of it. Common sense told him, if only because he could smoke his pipe and feed himself with mashed potato and powdered sea biscuit, that his case was much milder than Bald Head's. If he could only get down into the cabin and capture his messmate's medicine, he could bring it back to the hoghead and treat himself.

SLEEP ruled the hold. The time had come for the invalid to take determined action. He left the hoghead, slid to the deck, and stealthily approached the cabin. The hatch he knew was unlocked—for Red Whisker had kept the key to it—but before entering that abode of pain, science, and female beauty, the courageous invalid examined it carefully through the deck windows. Only last night he had seen the doctor administering his drugs to the patient; in the dim light of the swinging lantern the tumbler, half full of the horrid but wholesome stuff, still stood in the cupboard. Doctor and patient slept soundly on opposite sides of the cabin; nor was there any sign of wakefulness behind the curtain that (to the wicked but imaginative fellow's regret) concealed Dorothy. The chest, of which he could see one corner, stood almost under the ladder.

Holding his breath, Yellow Mustaches tiptoed past Bald Head. His hand was almost on the tumbler when a rustle behind Dorothy's curtain turned him into a veritable statue, which, had an artist conceived it, might have been catalogued "No. 1323—Mumps Reaching after Medicine." The curtain parted, and the pirate, after one quick, hopeless glance toward the hatchway, leaped into the nearest berth. Although the dim light obscured her features, his heart told him that the slim figure was Dorothy's, dressed all in white (like an angel in a chromo, thought Yellow Mustaches), and her brown hair, unlike an angel anywhere, in a neat pig-tail. Perhaps she walked in her sleep—but if so, the mysterious power that controlled her knew just what it was after. For she stepped straight to her father's trousers.



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Philadelphia November 26, 1910

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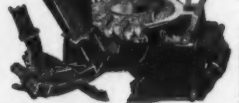
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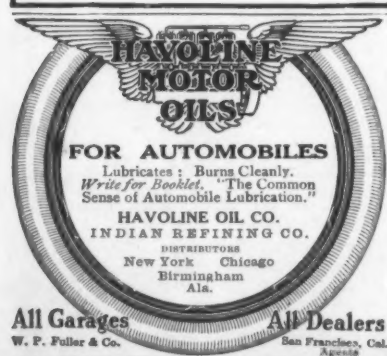
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fished a key from the pocket, and a moment later was kneeling beside the brass-bound chest.

Never before had the wild heart of Yellow Mustaches struggled, like a wild stomach, to digest so many emotions. His love for Dorothy contended with his curiosity about the chest; the affinity between them made him share keenly in her evident dread lest Bald Head or Dr. Dodder should awake before she got the chest open. The key turned in the lock, the lid lifted, and, to the apprehensive gaze of the tender pirate, it seemed as if Dr. Dodder turned over six times in quick succession.

"H-a-s-s-s-t!" he whispered excitedly, "he's a-wakin' up!"

AT that sound Dorothy jerked her little hand out of the chest. Instinctively she put down the lid and sat on it. Silence, except for the lapping water against the sides of the vessel, enveloped the cabin, broken, after what seemed an endless interval, by that rumbling, indescribable noise by which our strange humanity announces that it is asleep.

"It's all right now," said the voice in its hoarse and painful whisper. "He's asleep again."

Dorothy Dodder jumped off the chest, and something that she had snatched from it fell from her little hand and rolled away unnoticed. The first remark, in her nervous condition, might easily have been the accusing voice of conscience—but not the second. Her distress was so evident that it frightened her lover.

"It's me," he added assuringly: "it's just yer ole friend, Yaller Mustaches."

Just Yellow Mustaches! The length of the cabin separated Dorothy from her curtain, but—oh! thank Heaven!—there was an empty berth beside her; and she popped modestly into it.

Slowly the night hours began to pass away, but at last the light of the lantern yellowed as the rising sun gradually flooded the cabin. Presently Bald Head awoke and yawned deliciously. Health had returned to him. Yesterday the doctor had managed to keep him in bed against his inclination, but to-day he would be up and doing despite forty doctors. Yet for the moment it was nice to lie still and realize that he was as bad as ever. Now he heard a deep bass rumble that he recognized as the grand opera of the doctor's sleep, and with it, like the murmur of wood winds in some fairy orchestra, a sweeter note that he attributed to Dorothy. But a third sound, something between a snort and the shrill, lively tune of a peanut roaster, puzzled him for several minutes.

"Sounds for all th' world like ole Yaller Mustaches," muttered the convalescent. "Mebbe he's been a-serenadin' agin an' dropped off asleep on top th' cabin. Guess I'll go on deck an' wake th' cussed trueba-doer up." Chuckling over this amusing notion, he sat up in bed and looked on the floor for his customary garments. But he stopped in midchuckle—and the grin froze so suddenly on his cruel face that it remained there, a horrid grin lacking either mirth or even intelligence.

ON the floor some feet away from his berth a solitary eye gazed thoughtfully up at him with a strange, detached, and yet horribly human interest. Often in his life the wretched fellow had gazed into a human eye, sometimes tenderly, sometimes in anger, sometimes curiously to determine whether the owner was lying, sometimes with a painful earnestness to prove that he was not lying himself—but never before had he gazed into a human eye without a human being attached to it! The eye watched him with a terribly calm and intelligent curiosity; and Bald Head, the Pirate, returned its gaze with the insane intensity of complete helplessness. Twice he opened his mouth to call the doctor; twice he closed it under the perfectly absurd feeling that the eye would hear him. One saving fact alone slowly forced itself upon his shuddering intelligence: this eye had no feet, and unless its baleful gaze had already petrified him he might still escape by running away from it. Making a brave effort, he carefully lifted first one foot and then the other, and, although the eye followed these movements with a cold kind of amusement, he found that his legs still worked after a fashion. They shook, but they worked. Heartened by the discovery, he got up slowly, gained the companionway, and scrambled up the ladder.

RED WHISKER had the helm. Smoke rose pleasantly from the galley. About a gunshot to windward a stout three-master held the same course as the *Polly*, and, under other circumstances, the fleeing pirate would have recognized her as a whaler just starting on a three years' voyage to the Antarctic. But he had no mind for sea scenes. Still glancing over his shoulder, to make sure that the eye,

feet or no feet, was not pursuing him, the recovered invalid rushed to his cabin.

"Why, Bald Head, ole feller!" cried Red Whisker delightedly—but his delight vanished in anxiety at the other's haggard expression.

"Come with me, Red Whisker," he whispered hoarsely; "come with me an' see if ye see it yerself." Side by side the two brave men peered down into the cabin—and then, side by side, and as fast as their trembling legs could carry them, they fled together to the waist of the vessel.

"H-h-has it been there long?" articulated Red Whisker.

"Ever s-s-sense I woke up."

"Then wot we've got to do, messmate," said Red Whisker grimly, "be to g-g-get that doctor an' his darter off this ship as quick as may be—an' we got to do it polite-like. He's good-natered now, but—"

Ten minutes later a gun boomed on the *Polly*. Her mast signaled distress. The whaler heard it and came up into the wind, but no more promptly than Dr. Dodder came up out of the cabin. Almost he ran into Red Whisker and his late patient, and, to the doctor's amazement, they both asked his pardon.

"Doctor," said Red Whisker, "here be Bald Head up an' round agin. We're a black-souled lot, sir, but we've got hearts in our bumsums. An' we understand, doctor, as how a fine, honest feller like yerself can't abear th' company on us—"

"Your company is—er—delightful," said the doctor hastily. "Strong, nature-loving men, sailing the deep blue ocean—"

"We're a bad lot," insisted the pirate, "an' we can't help seein' as we ain't th' proper company fer you an' yer darter. We like ye great, but th' world needs ye. Th' world can't git along without ye, doctor, an' there's th' truth on't."

"I hates to see it, but there's a stout Boston-bound ship a-waitin' for ye. We've bailed yer leetle boat, tho' I ain't a-savin' as we didn't drop a tear or two a-doin' of it—"

Well has it been said, the Devil is not as black as he is painted. The doctor's eyes misted. He held out a hand to each of them.

"I—I'll call my daughter," he said brokenly. "I've done you all an injustice, admiral—you're a noble lot—"

MEANTIME the gun's dull roar in Miss Dodder, dressing behind curtain whither she had fled when da revealed no lover peeking into the cabin and it awoke the lover who was already and not peeking only he was sound asleep. One thing he remembered: he had not yet take medicine, and the slow, horrid, some business engrossed him so pletely that Dorothy Dodder came unnoticed from behind her curtain, her head bent forward, her whole attention on the floor of the cabin. The eye still sat on the floor and stared meditatively at nothing in particular, but when Dorothy saw it she uttered a happy little cry of recognition. And the pirate heard her. He turned his head, slowly because of his mumps, and found her looking directly at him. Never before had Yellow Mustaches seen his idol so angry; never before had he seen her, or any one else, so bewilderingly beautiful. Blue eyes make some girls beautiful. Brown eyes make others. Dorothy beat them all and stared at him with one blue eye and one brown one. Some men would have loved and desired her more than ever, but in the pirate's foolishly conventional mind this perplexing beauty turned his dream of love into a hideous nightmare.

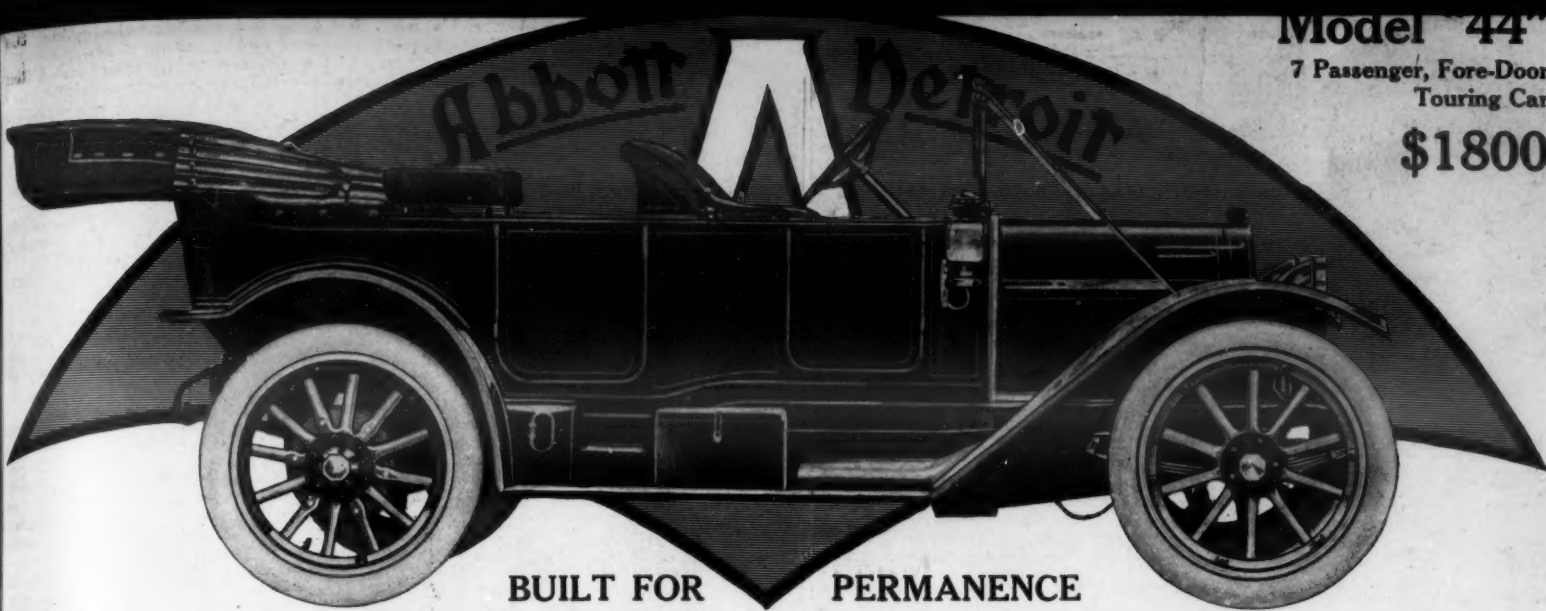
"Who are you, sir?" demanded Dorothy briskly—and then, as the truth burst upon her: "Why! You've—got—the—mumps," she giggled hysterically; "you must go right to bed and papa will take care of you." Had it been almost anything else, she would have said: "And I will take care of you"—but romance, at least that one, died at the very sight of him. She wondered why he shrank away from her, but, as he collapsed conveniently into the berth, she covered him up with the blanket and platonically tucked in the edges.

"Dorothy," called her father, "get your hat, Dorothy. A Boston vessel is waiting for us, and two of these noble fellows are coming down for the chest."

Ten minutes earlier he might have had to use his authority, but now she followed obediently into their little boat and only wondered why the grateful corsairs seemed so unwilling to look at her. The frilled shirt was gone (Red Whisker, in fact, was wearing it), but her father took the oars and pulled clumsily toward the whaler. Behind them sail on sail belied above the schooner. Over her after-rail a row of seven fierce faces watched them intently. But when Dorothy turned to wave her pocket-handkerchief the rail was empty. Seven fierce faces had dodged behind it, and, across the dancing water, the *Tender Polly* fled toward the far horizon.



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**Model "44"**  
**7 Passenger, Fore-Door**  
**Touring Car**  
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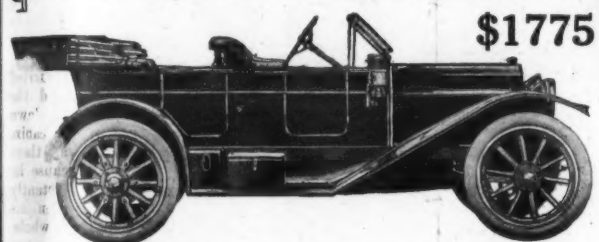
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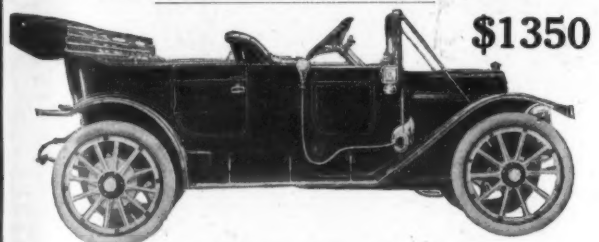
¶ The same excellent quality of product, both as regards its mechanical construction, its style, finish and refinement of details will be maintained.

¶ Several important refinements, however, have been added which will greatly enhance its appearance and value.



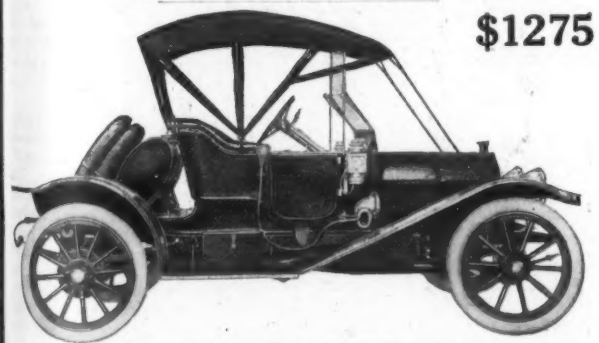
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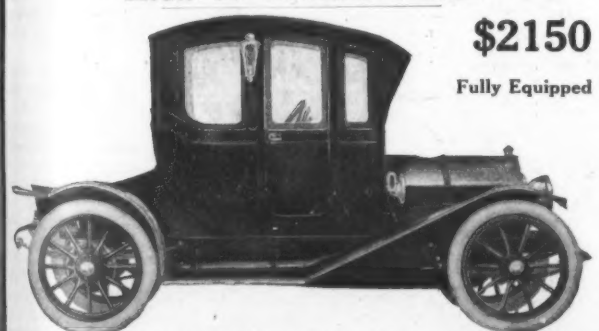
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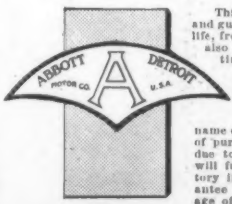
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- Fore-door Demi-Tonneau, fully equipped, including top, windshield and speedometer..... **1900**
- Fore-door Limousine, fully equipped..... **3000**

### ABBOTT-DETROIT "30"

- 4" x 4 1/4" four cylinder motor.
- Splitdorf Dual Ignition System.
- Electric headlights—combination oil and electric side and tail lamps 100 ampere hour lighting battery—Tungsten Lamps.
- Horn, Tire Irons, Tools.
- Tires 34" x 3 1/2" Quick Detachable Rims.
- Three Speed Transmission.
- One-Pedal Clutch and Brake Control—simple, safe and sure.
- Wheel Base 110 inches.
- Ventilated Fore-door bodies.
- Fore-door Touring Car, fully equipped, less top and windshield..... **\$1350**
- Fore-door Touring Car, fully equipped, including top and windshield..... **1450**
- Fore-door Roadster, fully equipped, less top and windshield..... **1275**
- Fore-door Roadster, fully equipped, including top and windshield..... **1375**
- Colonial Coupe, fully equipped..... **2150**

## GUARANTEE

This is to certify that the Abbott Motor Company will fully warrant and guarantee the Automobile covered by this certificate for its entire life, from the date of the original sale by the dealers. This guarantee also includes all material and all equipment, with the exception of tires, magneto, lamps, etc., which are warranted by their respective makers, used in connection with construction of said automobile. If any parts of this car break or prove defective from any cause whatsoever, and the customer shall forthwith communicate the fact to the Abbott Motor Company or one of its authorized dealers, giving the number of car and the name of the dealer from whom the car was purchased and the date of purchase, and it shall appear that such breakage was not in fact due to misuse, negligence, or accident, the Abbott Motor Company will furnish such new parts either through its dealer or at the factory in Detroit, Michigan, free of charge to the owner. This guarantee does not apply directly or indirectly to consequential damage of any nature whatsoever or to the replacement of tires, which are guaranteed by the makers thereof.



**Abbott Motor Co.**

**602 Waterloo Street**

**DETROIT, MICH.**



Home Sweet Home



My wife's gone to  
the Country—but  
there's *Kellogg's* in  
the pantry. Hurrah!!

NONE GENUINE WITHOUT THIS SIGNATURE

*W. K. Kellogg*